



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE Rev. James Livingstone is a Methodist minister at Windsor, Ont. That he is a man of standing in his Church is evidenced by the fact that he is the president of the London Conference. According to the newspapers, Mr. Livingstone has been saying things. He thinks Windsor is a bad town. Amongst other evil practices, the people smuggle and dance. The army is a curse in their midst. The holding of a ball to raise money for a memorial fountain intended to commemorate the young men who died in South Africa, is a cruel and wicked proceeding. Mr. Livingstone, it seems, in dealing with these features of life in Windsor, expressed a conviction that "in view of the disaster in Martinique, the Almighty was beginning to hand out His judgments to the nations of the earth, and he feared that Windsor might not escape an earthquake or something of the sort."

It is possible that the reverend gentleman has been misreported. It would be the charitable thing to believe he had been. For to attach such a significance as the report of his remarks would lead one to suppose he attached to the frightful catastrophe in the West Indies, and to attribute to the Almighty the inconceivable bloodthirstiness and fury that would cause Him to overwhelm with fire thousands of His children, good and bad, the just and the unjust, in indiscriminate and reckless slaughter, as an execution of moral punishment, is to preach that the Creator is less worthy of love, confidence and veneration than His creatures, not even the worst of whom would be guilty of such hideous cruelty. Such a conception of God as Mr. Livingstone would appear, from the reports of his remarks, to hold, will not do in this enlightened day. It is on a footing with the old tribal notion of the Deity as a jealous, revengeful and terrible spirit. It belongs with the rubbish and ignorance of a dark past in which supernatural meaning was attached to every manifestation of natural forces. The world has happily outgrown such ideas either of the Creator or of the universe He has created. Humanity is stunned by a cataclysm of the magnitude and horror of the St. Pierre disaster; but humanity revolts at the explanation that it was planned and executed as a deliberate and righteous decree from the throne of eternal Justice. Nature is governed by law, and every phenomenon in the natural world from the zephyr that fans a summer cornfield to the tornado that sweeps all things in its path to destruction, comes within the realm of law. We may not always be able to explain the why and wherefore of these things, but that is because our knowledge is insufficient; if we knew all the facts and could co-ordinate them, every manifestation of force in the world about us would be susceptible of explanation on natural grounds. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions appear to be merely incidents in the evolution of a planet from its original nebula to a habitable and finally to a dead world. The people of Martinique and of St. Vincent were unfortunate in being upon a spot of earth where these evolutionary forces, destructive in this instance, were felt. Supposing Mr. Livingstone had been living in either of those places. Would his chances of escape have been a bit better because he is a righteous man, a minister and the president of a conference, than those of the most hardened sinner? The only man in St. Pierre when the mountain blew up who escaped with his life was a condemned murderer. Or, supposing Mr. Livingstone had lost near and dear ones in that tempest of ashes and flame, as many persons in France and throughout the rest of Martinique have done. In that case, would he have been so ready to regard the catastrophe as a retributive measure of Deity?

ONTARIO has entered on the last week of the election campaign without any unusual degree of interest having been aroused. There is more excitement in the country constituencies than in Toronto, and before election day the fight is likely to warm up considerably in all directions. For the sake of business it is well that the campaign has been comparatively brief and comparatively quiet. The two leaders have worked somewhat harder than political leaders are wont to do. Indeed the great feature of the contest has been the extensive stumping tours of Mr. Ross and Mr. Whitney, and of the two the former seems to have stood the pace and borne the labor of constant travel and continuous speech-making with greater ease than the latter. No pluckier fight was ever put up by a party leader in Canada than that the Hon. G. W. Ross has made in this contest. His friends could scarcely have believed that he was equal to the strain he has voluntarily, even jauntily borne. His speeches have bristled with originality and glowed with good nature. Mr. Ross's never-failing vein of humor must be accounted one of his most valuable assets as a public man. He has kept in good voice and in good spirits under conditions that would have put many a more robust man to bed.

MR. JAMES L. HUGHES, who was reported to have said that he would withdraw his resignation as Public School Inspector upon certain conditions, one of which was that his decision could be over-ruled only by a two-thirds vote of the School Board, now rises up, after nearly a week has elapsed since the alleged interview, and says that he was misreported. Mr. Hughes, it seems, was only describing what he regards as the ideal relationship of inspector and board—the relationship that ought to subsist if the schools are to be efficient. It is remarkable the number of persons who are "misreported" by the bright young men of the daily papers—men trained to hear and see accurately and dependent on the reliability of their work for advancement in their calling. But leaving aside that aspect of the case, can it be imagined that Mr. Hughes, in case he should be prevailed upon to withdraw his resignation, would in the inevitable rearrangement contingent upon such an event, accept less than what he considers the proper, rightful and ideal prerogatives of an Inspector? Those who know Mr. Hughes will not think so. Though the conditions he named as desirable and necessary may have been mentioned without reference to himself, they surely represent the scope of his demands in case of reinstatement. What are these conditions, then? To be made Superintendent of Education, to be paid a salary of \$4,000 a year, and to have superior powers to the School Board, except in the case of a two-thirds adverse vote. If it is admitted that Mr. Hughes is nothing short of a heaven-born genius in educational administration, can the people of Toronto afford to yield these points? Probably it would do no one any harm if the Inspector were called by a more highfalutin' and "American" title than he now is. Mr. Hughes's lecturing jaunts are mainly to United States cities, and doubtless it would make things pleasanter for him and help to impress his audiences were he known by the high and mighty title of Superintendent instead of having his name prefixed by the lowly and no-account handle, "Inspector." As to salary, \$4,000 is probably not too much to pay a good officer devoting his whole time to the city in the performance of such responsible and arduous duties—if properly discharged—as those of Public School Inspector. But how about the final stipulation? If it were to be granted, it is hard to see why

the people should be bothered any further electing school trustees. Better give the whole business into one man's hands at once. But it never will be granted. If the Public School Board as now constituted lacks the intelligence, the will or the organization to discharge its functions properly, the remedy is to reform the Public School Board, not to set up a little Czar to tell it what it must do. Mr. Hughes, on his own showing, has sufficient engagements in book-writing and lecturing to keep him busy for the next two or three years. If this is so, he had better not bite off any more. He cannot materially enlarge the scope of his duties in Toronto, and be in the lecturing and book-writing business extensively at the same time. The ideal conditions he has sketched out seem to be impracticable, therefore, both for Toronto and for Mr. Hughes.

THE anarchist seems to be about to break loose on society again. Not in America this time, but in his old haunts in Europe. In Russia the life of an Imperial Minister has been taken; others are threatened. If the cable dispatches are to be believed, attempts have been made within the week to snuff out the lives of both Spain's young newly-crowned king and Austria's aged emperor. After the assassination of President McKinley there was a period of increased vigilance against this class of crime. Means of stamping it out were discussed by newspapers and statesmen. A universal crusade against anarchy and anarchists was talked of. Special legislation was suggested. The excitement gradually wore itself out and the inevitable lull succeeded. But society is not to be allowed by the anarchists to forget that this mad propaganda is still insidiously carrying on its work.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" William Mackintire Salter,

laws is that they are (or may be) supported by force. They are different from trade, art, literature, religion (save in its mediæval forms), in this respect. Hence political, unlike religious or industrial revolutions, have often to be accomplished by force; sometimes they are at bottom contests of force. The methods are plainly one thing, and the results are another. Because democracy has sometimes been reached by bloodshed, it does not follow that democracy is a bloody thing. It is conceivable that the anarchist ideal should be reached peacefully; that gradually present political society should dissolve, of itself; that laws should become fewer and fewer (as some wish that the tendency were now), until at last no laws were left. On the other hand, it is possible that there would have to be, as there has so often been in the past, contest and a victory in arms. There are actually peaceful, long-range, what are called "philosophical anarchists," and there are "force" anarchists. But even the "force" anarchists distinguish such a method from the end they aim at. Thus it becomes tolerably clear that the anarchist may at once oppose force and favor it. Indeed, the advocacy or use of force is an accident in anarchism, rather than a part of its essence; it is largely a matter of individual temperament.

Mr. Salter grants that the anarchist ideal is foolish and impracticable, but will not admit that therefore it should not be treated seriously. First, he points out that there was a strong anarchistic tendency in much of nineteenth century political thought, which generally aimed at limiting government to the fewest functions possible. In the second place, are there not large classes of people who urge now that business and industry work far better when left to themselves than they could if under Government control? "Hands off!" they say. The anarchist spirit is the same,

was that of Mr. Tillman in the United States Senate recently. Senator Tillman is the noisy fellow from South Carolina who got into a rough-and-tumble fight with Senator Mc Laurin from the same State just on the eve of Prince Henry's visit, and was therefore excluded from the festivities in honor of the royal guest. Tillman is not an admirable type of public man, but he has a blunt honesty of utterance that is refreshing, and his talk on the Philippine war, while it drove his fellow Democrats in a body from the chamber in which he was speaking, let a flood of fresh air in upon the hypocritical pretenses of the United States Administration. Tillman admitted that the methods of the South had used force and would continue to use force to prevent black supremacy. "We of the South propose to rule," he said in effect, "but we don't try to fool the world with any oily cant about 'benevolent assimilation.' We want sway down there, and take it because we believe it is best for us and for our material prosperity. The method of attaining our will may be severe and relentless, but, at the most, it is not sneaking nor hypocritical." Tillman intimated that the conduct of affairs in the Philippines would be more respectable and generally respected if it were more nearly on the same lines. "Crush the Filipinos, if you like," he advised, "but do it boldly and unabashedly as superiors and conquerors, and not in the ludicrous guise of meek and lowly benefactors."

In the May number of the "North American Review," Andrew Carnegie writes on the "Opportunity of the United States" in the Philippines, and throws some light on the development of his country's policy in connection with the islands. Referring to President McKinley's position immediately after the battle of Manila, he says: "The writer had the honor of an interview with him (President McKinley) before the war broke out with our allies, and ventured to predict that, if he attempted to exercise sovereignty over the Filipinos—whom he had bought at two dollars and fifty cents a head—he would be shooting these people down within thirty days. He smiled, and, addressing a gentleman who was present, said: 'Mr. Carnegie doesn't understand the situation at all.' Then, turning to the writer, he said: 'We shall be welcomed as their best friends.' So little did dear, kind, loving President McKinley expect ever to be other than the friendly co-operator with these people."

In this connection it is interesting to note a recent editorial in the bulletin of the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York, the writer of which says: "There is a man in our nation distinguished for his marvelous success and for his wonderful use of wealth. Born in Scotland, he came to our land poor, and has won distinction here in many ways. This man went to Mr. McKinley, when the Spanish treaty was pending, and said to him that America was in face of war in the Philippines; that our people and the Filipinos would soon be killing one another; and he asked to be sent to Manila with the fullest authority to declare that America desired good things for the little brown men and would soon recognize their independence. This man said to Mr. McKinley, further, that he had the matter so much at heart that if sent on such a mission he would himself pay the twenty millions of dollars called for by the treaty." All which seems to indicate Mr. Andrew Carnegie pretty pointedly. As a matter of fact it is stated that on his arrival in England the other day, upon being asked by a reporter if it was true that he had offered to buy the Philippine Islands on condition that he might promise them their independence, Mr. Carnegie answered, "It is true and I meant every word I said."

EXPERTS of the United States Government have been examining into the adulteration and substitution of food products, and their report reflects as highly upon the ingenuity of food makers as upon their dishonesty. The experts find that even codfish has not escaped, there being an article of cheaper fish upon the market that is sold as "choice codfish." Genuine vanilla beans are sold after the oil has all been extracted from them, and nutmegs are subjected to similar treatment, the punctures being filled with lime solution. The use of apples for making strawberry and currant jellies is common. By some enterprising manufacturers fruit juices have been eliminated from the liquor of commerce. A fine quality of brandy may be obtained by adding to forty gallons of colored French spirits two ounces of brandy oil and one quart of white syrup of glycerine. If any particular brand is wanted the addition of about three gallons of the kind to be imitated will answer the purpose. The process of making Rhine wine is somewhat more complicated. Mix one pound of essence in three gallons of proof spirits, and add thirty-seven gallons of rectified cider; then dissolve a pound of tartaric acid in a half-gallon of hot water, and add to suit taste. The report says that about one-half the Rhine wine used in the United States is made in this manner. Imported olive oils are frequently adulterated with peanut and sesame oils. Upwards of 15 per cent. of the food stuffs consumed in the United States are adulterated or substituted articles. There is doubtless less of this class of fraud in Canada, but it would be interesting to know authoritatively to what extent it is carried on here.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT is understood to desire a second term as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Having in mind Sir Oliver's long and distinguished services to the province, the people here would be pleased if His Honor could continue for an indefinitely prolonged period to enjoy the rewards he has won. But men, even great men, unfortunately grow old. Sir Oliver next 22nd of July will enter upon his eighty-third year. For a man of that age he has great physical and intellectual vigor. It is forty-five years since he entered political life as Member of Parliament for South Ontario. For thirty years without a break he has held high office. His measure of honors and rewards has been heaped full. The desire on his part to continue in harness to the last is doubtless a natural one. But it may be questioned whether even a comparatively well-preserved man past eighty can discharge the functions of a provincial Governor—even admitting that it is chiefly an ornamental position—in such a manner as they ought to be discharged if the position is to continue to signify all it might in the eyes of the people. Sir Oliver need not fear that Ontario will forget him. He can throw aside the burden of office and spend his remaining years in quietude and rest, without decreasing the esteem and regard of Ontario's citizens for the name of Mowat.

THAT women are making a hero of the Italian brigand Mussolino, even to the point of urging his establishment at the head of the Government, and proclaiming him as, next to Garibaldi, "the noblest son of Italy," has caused an appeal to Professor Lombroso, the psychologist and criminologist, for an explanation of the strange feminine phenomenon. To this inquiry Lombroso has replied: "Great crimes always exercise a fascination for women, especially if the crimes have an apparent romantic or chivalrous aspect. Three-fourths of the women live in the middle ages, and Mussolino is a figure of the middle age." But like many explanations, this explanation fails to explain. For the same remarkable tendency of women to weep over the wrongs of the poor criminal has been observed in many cases where there was not the slightest



A STRIKING PICTURE OF DR. BEATTIE NESBITT,
Liberal-Conservative Candidate for the Legislature in North Toronto.

who has made a special study of the anarchist's point of view, and is the author of a book, "Anarchy or Government," publishes a readable and suggestive article under the title "Second Thoughts on the Treatment of Anarchy." At the present time, Mr. Salter's article is peculiarly timely. It is well worth careful study. Mr. Salter says that fifteen years ago it was hoped that anarchism in America had received its death-blow by the execution of the Chicago anarchists. Instead of that it has become aggressive. The Chicago anarchists urged the use of force to repel force, but not the offensive use of it. The anarchist of to-day strikes without waiting to be struck; he assassinates. Shocking and repellent as the subject is, instinctive as it is simply to react violently and ask no questions, is it not wiser, asks Mr. Salter, particularly after the interval which has elapsed since the crime of last September, to try to understand the phenomenon, and even to exercise a little patience in the effort to do so? The inquiry is a forbidding one, but what should we think of a physician who was so shocked at a disease that he would not examine into it?

The fact is, this writer contends, that these wild acts come from a theory of society. The anarchist is not a common criminal, a cut-throat. His theory is not that there should be no order, no association. His theory is that association should arise voluntarily and not be founded on force. The rule of one man is generally reprobated in this democratic age; so is the rule of a few, or an aristocracy; but the rule of a majority lingers—it is a necessary part of the working of democracy. But to anarchists there is a stage of society beyond democracy, to which the world will yet attain—anarchy, no rule at all. One of their favorite sayings is that liberty is not the daughter, but the mother, of order. They believe that everybody will be happier and the world will be better when men are absolutely free—when command is heard and compulsion used no more. It would not be difficult to show the half truth, the impracticability of these ideas, which are at bottom the meaning of anarchism.

But do not anarchists themselves use force and urge the use of force? How, then, can they be opposed to force? Is it not foolish to dignify such incoherent views by discussing them? The "principles" of voluntary order and association, says Mr. Salter, are the essential anarchist ideal. But how shall such a "promised land" be reached? Evidently this is another question. It is a question of methods rather than of results or ideals. How have political changes been accomplished in the past? Sometimes peacefully, sometimes not. How did republican rule succeed to monarchical rule in the United States? By a revolution. How did absolutism yield to democracy in France, over a century ago? Ultimately through the pressure of force. How did slave society pass over into free society in the South? The peculiar thing about Government and

only the anarchist would extend the sway of the precept and make it cover all activities.

From what precedes, it follows of necessity that to talk of "stamping out" anarchy is rather simple. Anarchist crime we can and must make short work with, but the thought that in certain temperaments under given conditions leads to it, is not so easy to deal with. We must get at the root to make a radical cure. The trouble with many of those who talk about suppressing anarchy is that they do not take the trouble to understand it. An intellectual phenomenon needs intellectual handling. Crime can be met with punishment, but thought can only be met with thought. Reason should be brought to bear on the subject in the schools, in the churches, but above all in the common meeting places where people of all sorts gather together. In short, Mr. Salter says that the real campaign against anarchy must be educational. The error of anarchistic theory can be and should be punctured whenever and wherever possible. He instances the case of a man in Chicago who went to all sorts of meetings, who did not care what company he was in so error was abroad that he might combat. This man, to Mr. Salter's knowledge, influenced men, convinced them, and won them out of anarchy.

But at the same time that we argue and teach, let us take care not to set a bad example ourselves. Anarchy may be practiced by other than "anarchists." Violence and mob-law, the taking of the law into our own hands, lessens the respect for all law. Those who counsel violence, as even preachers did after McKinley's murder, are helping on the forces that make for anarchy. To prostitute the law as a tool of private interest and thus turn the State into a caricature is another means of setting a bad example. Those who seek special privileges of the State, those who make law a short cut to wealth, those who corrupt the source of law, are perhaps hardly aware that they are doing what they can to make the anarchist view of law and of the State a true one. They are the real confederates of the anarchist. They give him his powder and ammunition—a good part of the food on which his theories live. They are really anarchists themselves. For if men set out to capture the State's machinery, and to run it for the benefit and emolument of the few as opposed to the many, they violate the very idea of the State.

WHILE peace seems to be near at hand in South Africa, the frightful conditions prevailing in the Philippine Islands continue to be discussed not only in the United States, but throughout the civilized world. This week on page 16 "Saturday Night" reproduces from "The Public," a paper published in Chicago and edited by Mr. Louis F. Post, a remarkable article entitled "Put Yourself in His Place," which is well worth reading. One of the most outspoken utterances on the Philippine question

trace of the romantic or chivalric to be found. A free and defiant brigand, even though his hands drip red with blood, is in a certain degree a picturesque figure. A brigand captured and on trial for the crimes of murder, arson and highway robbery is picturesque in a less degree. The mean assassin and midnight burglar has nothing of the picturesque whatsoever to any healthy and well constituted mind. Yet women in this country have not failed to shower favors on convicted and condemned monsters of this class. Every one remembers the Birchall case and other cases. What is the true explanation?

WHILE settlers are coming into the Canadian Northwest from the United States by tens of thousands and the people of the older provinces are commencing to discuss what their attitude towards the "invaders" should be, it does not seem that the tide of European immigration has as yet turned to any appreciable extent from the shores of the Republic to Canada. In two days recently over 12,000 persons arrived at New York to become citizens of the United States. In a single week 25,000 Europeans arrived. During the four months ending April 30th, the number was 179,000—exceeding those of any previous year for the same period. The total arrivals last year numbered 439,000. The accompanying map on this page, showing the chief sources of foreign immigrants to the United States, affords interesting data for study. It was compiled by Dr. Safford of the United States Marine Hospital Service from the report of the Industrial Commission for 1902. Each dot represents 250 emigrants, stars represent collecting points, solid and broken lines show main and subordinate lines of transportation. The reason for the extraordinary influx of Europeans into the United States undoubtedly is the prevailing industrial depression of the Old World, coupled with reports of "good times" in the New. What can Uncle Sam do with all the newcomers? Most of them are not agriculturists, but mechanics or laborers. The day of agricultural settlement in the United States, on any large scale, has gone by, because there are no longer the vacant lands to be opened up. Though it be true, as recently reported by the Secretary of the Interior, that there are still 600,000,000 acres of unoccupied land within the bounds of the Republic, a great deal of this land is arid, barren, and valueless for cultivation. It is possible that irrigation may bring some portion out of this condition and make it suitable for settlement. But there are no longer in Uncle Sam's country any Dakotas, Nebraskas, Wisconsins or Minnesotas awaiting the plough of the pioneer. Only north of the 49th parallel are the great lone stretches of unbroken arable land and uncropped grazing country still open to the incoming millions.

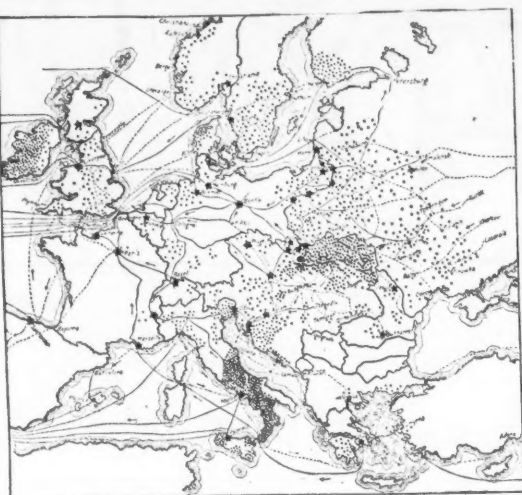
Canada need not be jealous of the unabated flow of the European overplus to the United States. In the main the people who are crowding into New York from Italy, Russia and Austria-Hungary are not the class of people we should desire here. Largely they are city dwellers, and largely they must remain city dwellers. The assimilative energy of the great Republic will be taxed to its utmost to make good and productive citizens of a great proportion of these people. Canada should be well satisfied with the class of settlers she is receiving for the opening up of her Western prairies. They have been first sifted in the United States. Let the United States continue to do the sifting. They are men and women who understand Western life, who know something of democratic institutions. To some extent they are our own people or the sons and daughters of our own people who left Ontario in the days when the Western States were booming. They may bring problems into Canada for solution in the future. To a slight degree their settlement in such large and compact communities upon our Western lands may be inimical to the future of Canada as an independent nation. But the danger seems slight. And anyway, if there are difficulties, we shall simply have to face them as they arise and solve them as best we may. We have been deploring the slowness of our Western settlement. Now that the ground of complaint is about to be removed, we cannot denounce and oppose the movement as "a foreign invasion." Like the people to the south, we must say: "We welcome all eligible comers. We will put them into the hopper of our free institutions, and we hope to make of them good Canadians and the parents of good Canadians in the future."

The Divorce Question.

SINCE "Saturday Night" called attention to the remarkable debate in the Canadian Senate on a recent divorce bill, the subject of divorce in Canada and the necessity for reform have claimed more attention than usual. The remarks of Mr. John Charlton and of Hon. William Ross in the House of Commons, now available through the official Hansard report, are worth repeating verbatim.

Mr. Charlton said: "I desire, for more than the third time, to renew my protest against the method pursued by this Parliament with regard to the granting of divorces. The system is one which, I believe, cannot be justified upon any principle of law or good sense. If a divorce is to be granted at all, it is, of course, to be granted for reasons—for reasons which the law will define. I do not believe that the Parliament of Canada is the body that can properly deal with these reasons and render a decision upon them. The case before this House is one that I know nothing about; it is one that I venture to say, not one member of this House in ten has taken the trouble to examine. We are called upon to pass judgment in a case of the very greatest importance to the parties interested, and we do this, sir, in a way that is nothing less than a travesty upon justice. If divorces are to be granted in this country they should be granted by a properly constituted court, a court which shall take evidence and examine into the facts bearing upon the case, a court that shall render its judgment in accordance with the evidence. I repeat that, however it may be in the other branch of the Dominion Legislature—where these cases may receive the consideration which they should receive—this case and cases of this character have not received and do not receive that degree of consideration here. The evidence is not published. The investigation is a sort of star chamber investigation; and I protest again, as I have often protested, that if we are to grant divorces in Canada at all, if we are to recognize any cause as sufficient for granting a divorce, it is time that these matters should be placed in the hands of a proper legal tribunal."

Hon. William Ross (Victoria, N.S.) said: "When the representatives from Nova Scotia first came to Ottawa after Confederation, among the things that they found in existence were dual representation and the holding of elections in different parts of the country at times selected by the Government. We had that changed. By the influence and example, I think, of the representatives from Nova Scotia we had dual representation abolished and simultaneous polling adopted. But we found also a system of granting divorces which has continued to this day, a system which, in my opinion, is a perfect disgrace to our legislation and practice. In Nova Scotia, divorce cases are referred to a judge of the Supreme Court. Each case is decided in a day, and not an item of the evidence in either side is published in the newspapers. But here a lot of low, nasty literature finds its way to the public. I remember one case which arose in a former Parliament of which I was a member. A man from Hamilton sought a divorce and his bill was passed in the Senate. The bill came before this House in due course. But the wife was a relative of a member of this House, and this member commanded such influence with the vote of the people who are opposed to divorce altogether and others that the bill was defeated in this House. The petitioner had to come back to Parliament a second year, and this he did. I remember his name perfectly, but I do not care about mentioning it. Before the bill was presented a second time the man whose influence had secured its defeat died. On the second application, the



Sources of European Emigration to the United States.

bill was passed. This is all very well where a man has enough money to bear the heavy expense of securing such legislation. But a poor man or a poor woman, as the case may be, must be subject to all the trouble attending an application, and yet never be able to get a divorce. People have often referred to the small number of divorces granted in Canada, but that is owing to the fact that a poor man or a poor woman cannot obtain one under the present system. I think there is perhaps nothing in the annals of our legislation in the Senate or the House of Commons that requires amending as much as the present system of granting divorce."

Ottawa "Events," discussing the situation, remarks: "There may be differences of opinion on the subject of dissolution of marriage, but there is no difference of considered opinion on the ridiculous procedure now dignified by the name of Parliamentary divorce. It stands to reason that if Parliament sanctions the granting of divorces for cause it should delegate to a judge the duty of hearing the evidence and giving a decision. Instead of that it sticks to some old-fashioned archaic and effete system inaugurated perhaps in the time of the Tudors in England under which the House of Lords discharged judicial functions. Our Canadian House of Lords presents a sorry spectacle when it undertakes to ape the exploded customs of the Old Country and preserves to itself the prerogative sole and exclusive of saying who shall or shall not be divorced. At present all the preliminary notices, all the expense, all the legal forms and all the technical requirements of a Parliamentary bill must be gone through with and the parties interested must await the pleasure of political parties to call Parliament together before they can take the first step towards ending what is perhaps an intolerable state of affairs and which if not ended might result in grave consequences. After this point has been reached and when the petitioner thinks that he or she will at last get a hearing it is found that the Divorce Committee of the Senate cannot be appointed until after the debate on the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne is ended, and this may take one week or two or four as the case may be. Finally the committee is struck and about that time it becomes expedient for the Senate to adjourn for three or four weeks to await the pleasure of the Commons to furnish it with something to do. The proceedings, begun perhaps in July, have now reached a stage somewhere in March and perhaps by April if in the meantime all the interested parties are not dead the committee may fix a day signifying its pleasure to hear the case. Many a man might get a divorce and be married again and have a new family before he can get his Parliamentary bill assented to by the Governor-General and passed into law, and many a man or woman is appalled at the prospect of form and ceremony and delay and expense and enormous publicity attendant on the Parliamentary proceedings. One of these proceedings consists in the petitioner appearing at the bar of the House and answering questions put in a most formal manner through the Speaker of the House, and in case the poor unfortunate petitioner is a woman the ordeal is enough to break her down. If a simple bill was passed authorizing one of the judges to act in such cases the proceedings need not last longer than perhaps two or three weeks, and the parties besides the shame and ignominy need not be subjected to heavy costs as a further penalty on misfortune. The handing over to a judge of the authority to act would alter nothing which now exists, would establish no principle not now recognized, and would afford no scruples now held by any person on this subject."

Religious Statistics Revised by a Moslem.

ATTENTION has often been called to the unreliability of religious statistics. "Islam" (Paris), the international review of Islamism, commenting on the subject, says that although we do not know, within a hundred million, the number of living human beings populating the globe, we are expected to believe that there are 230,866,535 Roman Catholics and 145,237,625 Protestants. The number of Moslems is estimated at 176,834,372, "not one more, not one less." Accepting these figures for what they are worth, it is interesting to know declares the Moslem paper, "which is the religion possessing most adherents." According to the "Literary Digest" the following are extracts from the article referred to: "Toward the middle of the nineteenth century Schopenhauer was authority for the statement that Buddhism was in the lead; the great pessimist was misled by the idea that the religion of Nirvana, which teaches annihilation as the supreme goal of human activity, had the largest number of followers on our planet. Renan and Louis Renard accepted this view, and it was computed that the Buddhists numbered between five hundred and six hundred millions, all the Chinese and Japanese being recorded as Buddhists. A close investigation has demonstrated how false these figures were. It has been discovered that the Chinese practice several religions at the same time. They have very few priests, the cult of ancestors and the State religion requiring none. Yet they receive with respect the priests of Taoism (the cult established by Tao-Tsen) and those of Buddhism. These priests come to the funeral to sing, and the ceremony looks more imposing on that account; but this is all. Buddhism is dominant only in Tibet and the northern provinces of Mongolia, and the true Buddhists hardly number one hundred millions."

Regarding the statistics of Christian believers, "Islam" says: "If we classify as Christians all the Europeans who practice no other religion, we may reach five hundred and fifty millions. Excluding the small sects, like the Armenians, the Jacobites, the Copts, the Abyssinians, etc., we find three large groups of Christians: the Roman Catholics, about two hundred and forty millions; the Protestants, one hundred and seventy to one hundred and eighty millions; the Greek Catholics, one hundred and twenty millions. Protestantism progresses more rapidly than the other religions, but it predominates only in Northern Europe and Northern America; Oriental Europe and Russian Asia belong to the Greek Church. The Latin people of Europe and of South America are Roman Catholic. Protestants and Roman Catholics strive with each other in their efforts to conquer adherents from the outside. Their missions cost a large amount of money and bring but meagre results. From 1882 to 1890, for instance, the 'Société de la Propagation de la Foi' and the 'Association de la Sainte-Enfance' spent three hundred and twenty-eight million francs; the British missions spent seven hundred

and eighty-four millions from 1860 to 1884. They have converted a few African savages, several outcast Chinamen, and some Levantines in quest of a protector."

The Moslem review goes on to state that the statistics do not show the enormous loss of ancient religions through incredulity or indifference. If practising Christians only should be counted, not one-half of them would remain. It adds:

"Islam can place more reliance in its believers; most of them practice their religion, and very few are converted to other creeds. There are probably some 282,700,000 Moslems. In Africa alone we count one hundred and two million disciples of the Prophet; we find thirty-seven millions in Malaysia. The largest group is in India, numbering sixty millions; then comes China with twenty millions. A similar number is to be found in the Ottoman Empire. In the Russian dominion, in French Africa, in Algeria, on the Niger, and in the Congo. The Mosulman propaganda is the most active and energetic of all, on account of its religious fraternities, and it is the only religion which extends its sphere of action through numerous conversions."

"The religion of India, Hinduism, formerly called Brahmanism, has two hundred and twenty million followers; Shintoism, the national cult of Japan, is practised by twenty million people. Then come the cults of the vanquished which have survived to the nations practising them: Judaism, Parseeism, and the Mazdaism of the ancient Persians. These small minorities play an important part in our social economy. Uprooted from the native soil, they have acquired financial power, and their religious solidarity is probably stronger than the solidarity of all others."

"Islam" concludes by stating that the enumeration would not be complete without including one hundred millions of adepts of less progressive religions. Among them are the Fetishists, the Animists, and the Polytheists, most of whom are confined to Africa, and who are very likely, maintains the Moslem journal, to be converted to Islamism. "Once converted, it does not seem plausible that they should ever become Christians or Buddhists," it says: "India, China and the Mussulman world form three groups unassailable by Christian propaganda." Christianity owes its expansion to science, which was formerly fought by its leaders; but "it is not to be feared that this scientific evolution, which has nominally benefited the religion of the Europeans, will finally make them as indifferent as the Chinese."

Can the Mystery of Life be Solved?

ONE by one the mysteries of the life processes disappear. A young man at Columbia University has been doing a noteworthy piece of work that goes along with all the revolutionary researches of Loeb and others in showing that what has long seemed so baffling and inexplicable may not be so in reality. This young biologist, Mr. Gary N. Calkins, has kept alive a line of little animals through four hundred generations without resort to those conjugations or fusions of cells which, with the lowest forms of animal life, take the place of the ordinary form of reproduction in the higher types. Just what these striking results mean will best be appreciated by biologists, but they need not escape others. The mystery of life may nowadays be resolved into two functions, which are alone peculiar to living matter. The first is the ability of protoplasm to assimilate food materials and grow; the second, that it can reproduce. All other bodily functions seem to find their counterparts in the world of inanimate things. With lower forms, in what is known as asexual reproduction, any two cells of a species might come together and unite, and from this union of forces a series of cell-divisions, or splitting in two, would result. This dividing and re-dividing goes on for a certain time, often with the result of producing millions of beings from the parent pair thus fused in one. But always the rate of reproduction gets slower and slower, until at last, if all the cells are carefully kept from a fresh conjugation, one with another, the process comes to an end. The line is extinct. For the continuance of the species new fusions are essential. In some fashion, the intervention of the vital forces seems needful.

The "vital forces," in this instance at least, seem reducible to a change of diet. Mr. Calkins started with a tiny animalcule, called Paramecium, and fed it on infusions of hay. Each time the animal divided to make two of itself, which happened about once a day, one was kept, the other thrown away. There was, therefore, no chance for a pair of the descendants to come together and conjugate. When the rate of reproduction began to slow, Mr. Calkins fed his microscopic pets on beef tea. They revived at once. He has now been doing this for over a year. Had all the descendants of the four hundred and more generations now reached been kept alive, the total number would be represented by a figure five with one hundred and twenty ciphers after it. Though the Paramecium be so small, tons upon tons of inanimate, lifeless material would have been made up into living matter under the influence of this single parent cell; and all this without the interference of any other "forces" than those originally resident in the beginner animal. A human being, for example, is but a cluster, a colony, of billions of microscopic cells, leading for the most part, a very independent existence. They seem, in some sense, to grow old together. Why? That is the problem, the senility of the cells, which is now engaging the restless and indefatigable mind of the distinguished Professor Metchnikoff of the Institut Pasteur, at Paris. No doubt others, too, are at work; we hope some in America, besides Mr. Calkins. It is the sort of question which passions everybody, as the French say. Nobody wants to grow old.

The Holy Shroud of Turin.

WE are not quite out of the age of miracles and relic worship, if one may judge by the articles to which the "Lancet" and the "Times" have given prominence. All who have visited the Cathedral of Turin will remember the "Holy Shroud" preserved there. The shroud has no history that can be traced further back than the fourteenth century, when it was brought back from the East. But round it has gathered the belief that it held the body of Christ when laid in the rock-tomb after the Crucifixion. Traced upon the shroud is the impression of a human body, and the outlines of the face and back are alleged to resemble in a striking manner the traditional form and physiognomy of Christ. Dr. Vignon, whom the "Times" describes as "an eminent French scientist and a teacher of zoology at the Sorbonne," has developed these with the aid of modern photographic processes, and by a course of reasoning has concluded in favor of the theory that they may quite possibly represent an impression of the body, produced by the action of the aloes and oils with which it would be enveloped, on the shroud. Against this theory Father Thurston in a letter to the "Times" urges very obvious objection. Mere possibility is obviously no proof of an assertion or ground for Dr. Vignon's conclusion. He shows that the authenticity of the shroud has been disproved by a loyal son of the Catholic Church, the Abbe Ulysse Chevalier, who cites the protest made against the assumption by Peter d'Areis, who in turn denounced the Chapter of Lirey for pretending to work miracles by means of the garment. This protest caused the shroud to be laid aside. Moreover, M. de Mely, an archaeologist of distinction, says that after examining the impressions on the shroud form the proof of an engraving on wood printed on cloth. Altogether the subject is curious only as an example of how persistent are tradition and mystery, and how much longer they live than their explanations. It can hardly claim, as the "Times" claims for it, "the most careful and appreciative consideration from men of science everywhere, as well as from the millions of the human race whose religious emotions are centered in the divine tragedy of Calvary."



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Social and Personal.

A historic occurrence was the garrison parade on Friday evening, May 16th, at the Armories, to witness the presentation by the General Officer Commanding, General O'Grady-Haly, of the Distinguished Service Order medal to Major James Mason of the Royal Grenadiers, a hero of Paardeberg and one of those severely wounded during the African campaign. Everyone is familiar with the story of Major Mason's tedious time in hospital while the track of a Boer bullet refused to heal, and of his apparently unwelcome determination to get back to active service; also of the marvelous recovery he made while sharing the hardships of the Canadians. His good judgment and clear-sightedness were most valuable on several occasions, and for all these things, combining to make the model officer, the decoration most prized after the V.C. was bestowed upon the Torontonian. The occasion was quite a gala night, as hundreds of smart women and their escorts were at the presentation. The General and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly arrived in town on Friday morning, and Mrs. Mason entertained Mrs. O'Grady-Haly, at an informal luncheon at her home in the Queen's Park. The General was in the kitchen hands of the officers and lunched at the Toronto Club on Friday. The west end of the officers' gallery at the



MAJOR J. C. MASON, D.S.O.

Armories was reserved for a specially invited party, including Miss Mowat, Mrs. Fred McWat, who were attended by Captain Kay; Mrs. O'Grady-Haly, Mrs. Kitson and Miss Kitson (who were with Colonel Buchanan, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Charles Nelles, Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. Myles, Mrs. R. Myles, Miss Kirkpatrick and Miss Elsie Banks, Miss Bruce, Mr. Frederick Wyld, and one or two others. The east end of the gallery, the two end galleries, the band gallery and huge sections of the south side of the Armories were simply parterres of pretty faces and smart gowns. Officers' wives and lovely girls who may be such some day were numerous and greatly interested. After the review of the garrison the General took his stand upon a small carpeted dais just before the officers' gallery, and Major Mason was called for. With a few very nice words of congratulation and good wishes General O'Grady-Haly pinned the much prized Maltese cross of white enamel upon the scarlet tunic of the pride of the Grens. and Major Mason, D.S.O., saluted and returned to his regiment. Several officers then received the Long Service medal, for twenty years' service, among them Colonel Bruce of the Grenadiers, Colonel Campbell Macdonald of the 48th Highlanders, Colonel Graveley, Colonel Nelles, Colonel Gregory, Colonel Gray, Surgeon-Major McCarthy, Colonel Evans, Major Rorke, and Captain Aikens. The Grenadiers' Band was stationed on the north-west corner of the floor and played several selections. After the presentations the General took off his plumed hat and led three rousing cheers for the King. Then the officer hosts invited the G.O.C. and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly to their messroom, where a reception was held and refreshments were very nicely served from a flower-crowned buffet. The General and his sweet and happy wife were surrounded all the evening by old friends and new, all regretting most sincerely that this was to be in all probability their last chance of seeing the popular pair. It was an ultra smart and attractive affair, and full of bright interest to all concerned.

The engagement is announced of Miss Katie Cross, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cross of Walmer Road, and Mr. W. A. R. Kerr of Harvard University.

Mr. W. Henry Smith, manager of the Ontario Bank, is spending a vacation at Atlantic City. Mr. Grahame G. Adam is acting manager during his absence.

Miss Sheila Macdougall of Carlton Lodge has returned from a short visit in Peterboro' with her sister, Mrs. Young.

Mr. Fred R. Sturdee of the C.P.R. leaves shortly for Montreal, to which place he has been removed.

Mr. William C. Muir, who has many friends here, where he was formerly on the staff of the Ontario Bank, has been appointed secretary and treasurer of an established insurance and real estate business in Buffalo. He was at the Queen's for a few days last week, but I hear his visit was strictly confined to business interests, which he still retains here, in conjunction with his new duties and residence.

On Saturday morning General O'Grady-Haly inspected the men at Stanley Barracks, and Mrs. Buchanan invited three or four intimate friends to meet Mrs. O'Grady-Haly and see the inspection. Mrs. Otter gave a pleasant luncheon afterwards at her cosy home in Beverley street in honor of the wife of the General, and on Sunday afternoon Mrs. Sweny of Roballion entertained at tea in honor of General and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly, who returned to Ottawa by the evening train, and will break up their pleasant ménage at Ottawa next month and leave for England shortly after, carrying with them the esteem and regret of hundreds of appreciative Canadians.

Mrs. Buchanan went to London on Saturday afternoon for a short visit to Mrs. George C. Gibbons. Miss Buchanan has been in London also for some time, and returned with Mrs. Buchanan for the Races.

The Minister of the Interior and Mrs. Sifton are expected in town for the Races. Mrs. and Miss Keefe of Buffalo came to town on Wednesday for the Races, and are at the Queen's, guests of Mr. Alexander.

"Which corps do you like best?" asked the Pompadour Girl of the Miss with the South African ostrich feather boa, as they watched last week's garrison parade at the Armories. "Peters' Pets," responded the latter with alliterative decision. And very fit indeed did the kha'ki-clad riders look as they swung into their place in parade, with their trim major at their head. The little boys used to call them the "Khaki Kids," but the new name has a more feminine and attractive twist, and raised a smile on the faces of those who overheard the little dialogue above.

Race visitors have been arriving in town since Monday and among others I hear that Colonel Turner and his charming wife are to be the guests of Mrs. D. D. Mann. Mrs. Turner is one of the brightest and smartest of women, most popular and attractive. The Colonel is a typical "American" of the finer class, and a thoroughly good fellow. Both are welcome indeed to Toronto.

Mrs. Cockburn Clemow arrived on Saturday from Ottawa to visit her sister, Mrs. George Capron Brooke, and on Sunday evening a very pleasant party supped with the host and hostess and the bright Ottawa lady. I heard some few weeks ago of the romance which has entered Mrs. Clemow's home, when a dashing Yukon cavalier came, saw, fell in love with, wooed and won her young daughter, Gwendolyn, before Ottawa had half realized the methods of those masterful far Northerners. Miss Gwen Clemow is a very popular girl, also very young, who has a lot of warm friends in Toronto. Her engagement to one of the

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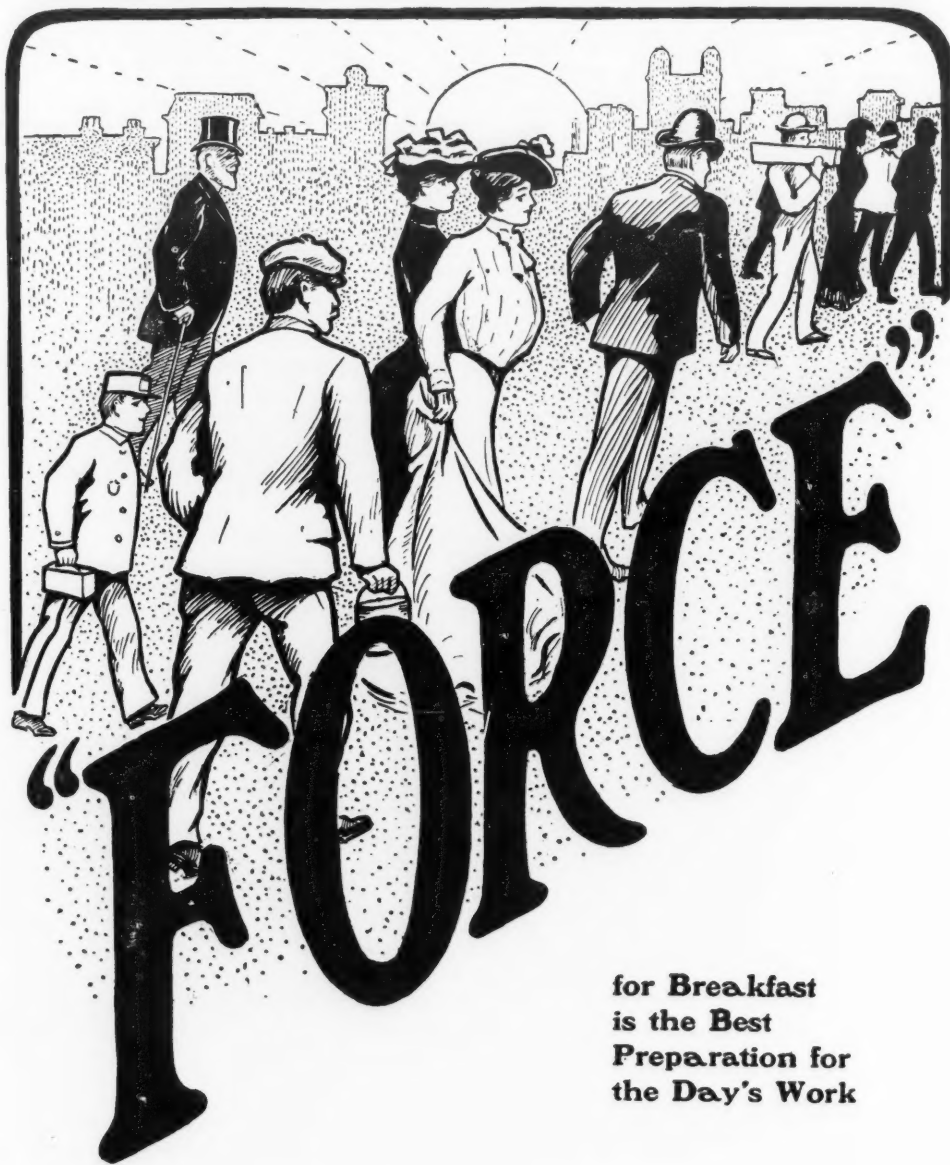
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rising men of the fascinating far North has interested many Toronto people.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher, who recently built a lovely residence in Rosedale, have sold it this week to Mr. W. T. Murray, and will spend their summer at the seashore as usual. The intimates of Mrs. Fisher, who have so enjoyed with her this lovely home, cannot bear of her leaving it without regret, but are prepared to enjoy seeing her bestow her artistic touch upon some other residence, more convenient for Dr. Fisher's busy life in connection with his great Conservatory. Many of these friends are glad that in changing its master and mistress the Rosedale home will not be to them any less a pleasant place to be greeted in.

Mrs. Loudon, 83 St. George street, is giving an evening next Tuesday, to which guests are bidden to meet the Royal Society. I have inserted the definite article "on my own," as the invitations are without it, and give one the pleasant shock of being bidden to pow-wow with highnesses of considerable altitude. "To meet Royal Society" doesn't often come our way! Mrs. Loudon's reception will be from 9.15 until 11 o'clock.

One of the very smart affairs of Race week was Mrs. MacMahon's "Race breakfast," which is the name given to the early luncheons incumbent upon Race meet hours.

The newest "voiture des dames" is called the Alexandra. I believe smart women do not any longer order "Victorias." The Alexandra, containing the prettiest woman in town, will be one of the things worth looking at on the way to the Races this week.

The new dance pavilion and restaurant on the lake front was engaged for every evening this week but Monday, and the moonlight nights on the shore were much enjoyed by the dancers, and various social clubs in town. I regret that an account of the West End Euchre Club's dance was overlooked and omitted last week. It was quite a brilliant affair and the novelty of the surroundings, com-

bined with the very able efforts of the secretary and committee, made the finale of the season a huge success.

The unusual exodus of Torontonians to the Capital during the past winter has been followed by its corresponding visit of Ottawa folk to Toronto for the Races. They were apparently too busy to come to the Horse Show, and are making up by being very good to us this month. Just after the session closes, Ottawa isn't very lively, anyway.

A very pretty dinner of twenty covers was given by Mrs. Matthews last week for her daughter, Mrs. Jack Ross, and Mr. Ross, who arrived in town a fortnight ago. The decorations of the table were pure white, very bridelike and dainty, and the dinner was a most delightful one. Mr. and Mrs. Ross were, their friends hoped, to have remained for the Races, but business called Mr. Ross away early this week, and his fair wife accompanied him to the Eastern Provinces. Mr. and Mrs. Ross were the cynosure of many eyes as they rushed about the city in their automobile, a huge affair which they brought out from England, and in which they had many lovely tours over there.

Major and Mrs. Nelles went over on Monday to Niagara-on-the-Lake to see to the opening of their summer cottage. The trip was perfectly delightful, over a lake like a mirror, and the countryside is at present a dream of bloom.

The Liederkranz gave a concert and dance at their hall in Richmond street west last Monday evening. The concert programme presented Herron Woycke and Klingensfeld, Frau Kahne and Fraulein Wegener, A.T.C.M., whose lovely clear voice it was a pleasure to hear. The Liederkranz is a little bit of the Fatherland in the heart of Toronto, which is as interesting as can be, and the concert goesers are typically German, and the artists even more so. There are grandparents and babies in the audience, and pretty frauleins and bluff fathers and flaxen-haired young men in the choirs which sing the sweet German part songs and melodies. And if anyone talks, some good old Deutscher calls from the gallery, "You must please be quiet and give the

musicians a chance." Even the drop curtain, with its pretty castle and mountains, and the stage setting of the Rheinland scene are Tautonic to the limit. On Monday evening Herron Woycke and Klingensfeld played a sonata of the former's composition which was greatly applauded. After the concert an orchestra played a dance programme which was much enjoyed.

It is reported from Ottawa that Victoria Day, to which the people quite naturally cling as a holiday, both on account of lifelong usage and suitability of season, is to be adopted by King Edward as the date for celebrating his own anniversary, the rightful date of which brings generally the last sort of weather for holiday making.

Mr. W. Graham Brown, son of Dr. Price-Brown, who has been connected with the Bank of Commerce in New York, has been appointed assistant manager of the Sovereign Bank in Montreal. Mr. Brown and his popular wife, a bride of last season, formerly Miss Edna Carlyle, will be back in Canada again very shortly.

I hear that Lieutenant-Colonel Pellatt intends building a mansion on the Davenport Hill, as higher altitude is absolutely recommended by the physicians for Mrs. Pellatt. The lovely home in Sherbourne street will be a snap for some purchaser.

Mr. R. N. Gooch went to England to-day by s.s. "Campania."

Professor E. Charlton Black, who married our own Agnes Knox some years ago, was formally installed as doctor of laws in Glasgow University last month. Dr. and Mrs. Black visited Rev. Armstrong Black, their brother, at the Manse here, last winter.

On Monday afternoon Japan was represented in Toronto by a distinguished party of tourists, a Prince of Korea, Mr. Ko, Mr. Kim, Mr. Yi, his suite, and Mr. and Mrs. Goffe. They are all en route for London via Vancouver, and Prince Yi Chai Kak will represent Korea at the Coronation.

Mr. Stephen Maule Jarvis, one of Toronto's oldest barristers and citizens, died last week after some weeks' illness, and his funeral, which was semi-private, took place from his home in Beverley street to Mount Pleasant cemetery on Monday. Rev. Canon Welch officiated at the house and Rev. A. H. Du Pencier at the cemetery. Mrs. Jarvis, a lovely and esteemed lady of the old school, has the sincerest sympathy of many affectionate friends and relatives in her widowhood.

The Provincial Museum (Normal School) will be open to-day (24th) from half-past nine to five o'clock, and a pleasant holiday hour might be spent there viewing the paintings and other works of art. Miss Florence Carlyle's picture, "The Tiff," has been hung there recently and is well worth a visit.

Mrs. and Miss Orde of Grenville street have gone to Knoxville, Tenn., where Mrs. Orde's son, Mr. Bertram De Lisle Orde, is to be married next month to Miss Margaret E. Lewis, daughter of the late Judge Lewis.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn has been visiting friends in Kingston. She returned some days ago to Toronto. Mrs. Howard (nee Gillespie of Montreal) is visiting her parents at the Rectory, Avenue road. Mrs. Miles and her party of young folks, who have been the guests of Mr. W. B. McMurrich in Muskoka, are home again. I believe Mr. McMurrich has rented his Muskoka place for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn have rented Birch Point during their summer in England. Major Cockburn, V.C., will go to London for the Coronation a member of the contingent from Canada.

While Society will not rush to the "Zoo" on the East Side in great numbers, it is to small society of juvenile years a delightful place. On Sunday the place was jammed with visitors to see the elephant and the lions, and out in High Park a stream of pedestrians, cyclists and motor car and carriage folk peeped through the bars at the drowsy buffalo and the unkempt deer. In fact, the world was out of doors on Sunday, and those who could said adieu to asphalt for a while. Several smart auto-cabs and such like dashed through the Park. I heard of one expert auto-fiend who descended to the beauty he took for a spin upon the likelihood of a chain breaking as one climbed a hill, and then proceeded to race up the steepest hill in the Park. The beauty clutched her headgear and said several prayers, but fortunately the chain proved a good one!

Miss Daisy Smallpeice of 156 Dunn avenue, Parkdale, left on Saturday for Boston, where she will visit friends for a few weeks.

Miss Irene Somerville is en pension in Boston.

Miss Marietta La Dell, the entertainer, and Miss Teresa Flanagan, one of Toronto's popular sopranos, are meeting with splendid success throughout the North-West and British Columbia.

A number of people will be glad to hear that Mrs. F. J. Menet, 617 Spadina avenue, has recovered from her long illness. She and her sons are removing from Toronto to make their home in Buffalo, N.Y., Mr. Harold Menet being cashier of the Western New York branch of the Canada Life Assurance Company in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Reburn are living at 22 Albany avenue, where Mr. Reburn, sr., has purchased a residence.

Dr. Maybury, Spadina avenue, left last week for London and the Continent, to visit the throat and chest hospitals.

Mrs. Norman Wilcox of New York, sister of Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn, has taken a furnished house, 34 Close avenue, Parkdale, and with her mother and sister and family of three children will spend the summer in the beautiful suburb.

Mrs. E. Charlton Black (Agnes Knox) is chosen as lecturer on artistic interpretation in the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston.

Miss Effie Taylor, one of Hamilton's talented vocalists, is visiting Mrs. Wilkinson of Parliament street.

A large and cultured audience attended the annual recital given by advanced pupils of Miss Frances Morris in the Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday evening, the 15th inst. The young ladies who so creditably acquitted themselves on this occasion were the Misses Marion Armour, Beatrice Sprague, Mary Gzowski, Beatrice Lowe, Adelaide and Helen Manson, and Marion and Jessie Binns, A.T.C.M. The vocal part of the programme, pleasingly rendered, was contributed by the Misses Kathleen Parmenter, Wenona Luke and Lucy McCullough, pupils respectively of Miss Hallworth, Mrs. Parker and Dr. Albert Ham. Mrs. Adamson and Mr. Saunders also assisted in a Beethoven trio, which was artistically played by Miss Jessie Binns of Jamaica, a youthful graduate. Amongst the many present were Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Armour, Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston and Miss Jessie Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Cayley, Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Gyp Armstrong, Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mrs. Leach of St. Catharines, Miss Edgar, Miss Acres, Miss M. Acres, and a large party from the Bishop Strachan School.

Social and Personal.

THE morning of King's Plate Day was just uncertain enough between smiles and frowns to make the would-be wearers of glad clothing a trifle anxious, but kind weather counsels prevailed, and the trying "noon hour" found the sun radiantly shining, and the fashionable world smiling appreciation of that fact. Smart traps and carriages came from north, east and west at the noon hour to fetch their owners to the very elegant race breakfast given by Hon. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, and to which guests were bidden at half-past twelve. There and at the afternoon meet Mrs. MacMahon looked very handsome in a superb gown. Her lovely graceful daughter-in-law wore a most dainty and becoming gown. Miss Melvin-Jones wore a lovely pastel gown and a ruff of pink and white and a white and gold hat. Mrs. (Colonel) Turner of Ottawa wore a lovely tucked grey satin, with grey hat and plumes, and navy blue coat with military buttons. Mrs. Charles Ritchie wore a fawn velveteen and a black chapeau. Miss Beatrice Sullivan wore a very pretty white dress and hat.

The annual beauty show soon began its procession to the Woodbine. There are beauties on four feet, and beauties tucked cozily away under smart rugs, and beauties who, fearing no ills that east winds carry, sit exquisite and smiling in smartest of silks, velvets, cloth and velvet, chiffon and lace.

"Tis always a brave sight and one much appreciated by householders along the route, which is of many miles' length, and from end to end of Toronto. Among many conspicuous people were: Miss Mowat, in pastel grey, with green embroideries, and hat with white roses; Miss Marjorie Mowat, in deep blue foulard, and hat with pink roses; Mrs. Ledyard of Detroit was in a pale rose pink chiffon frock and cape encrusted with cream lace, and the most delightful cream hat, veiled in deep white lace. Mrs. Melfort Boulton wore white silk patterned with black. Her lovely daughter was in palest grey, with white tulle hat and white ruff. Miss Violet Gooderham, in navy velveteen, with trimmings of white polka dot; Mrs. Charles Beatty, pale grey figured velveteen, with chapeau of jet and black ruff; Mrs. Walter Andrews, grey, with ruff of white, touched with black; Mrs. W. Willson was in a picture in a lavender gown with touches of black and white. Mrs. Fraser, wife of the secretary, wore a silky gown of dark blue. Mrs. J. K. Osborne wore a wonderful dress of pale blue, with bands of Persian embroidery, a ruff of pink petals, and a rustic hat with pink roses. Mrs. George Evans wore a striped prune silk with yoke, and encrustations of cream lace. Mrs. James Grace, white chiffon, with rich encrustations of black lace. Lady Kirkpatrick wore black with velvet sashes and lace insertions. Miss Williams looked very pretty in eau de Nile brocade, with deep cream lace. Mrs. Victor Caruthers wore black, did her guest, Mrs. Yates of Montreal. Mrs. Henri Suydam wore robin-egg blue crepe, with medallions of black lace. Mrs. Braithwaite wore a lovely cream gown and hat wreathed with currants. Mrs. Herbert Greene wore deep blue with wide white collar. Mrs. Lally McCarthy cream lace, with bands of black velvet. Miss Falconbridge wore rose velveteen, and her bright guest, Miss Mary Gray, was in white, with scarlet satin ribbon and red berries on a rustic hat. Mrs. Bath wore a pale lavender gown, touched with royal purple, and purple hat with white feathers. Mrs. McCullough wore a white dress, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and white tulle hat with two black plumes. Mrs. Nordheimer black with huge and becoming white ruff. Mrs. Bob Fleming of Ottawa wore a stunning mauve gown, with pointed sheath jacket of coarse cream lace and white hat. Mrs. B. Cronyn wore black lace over white and a pretty white hat, with crimson roses. Miss Sybil Seymour wore blue and a hat trimmed with violets. Mrs. Bongard (nee Johnson) wore a very smart pongee gown and a most original hat looped with black velvet—New York spring fad. Mrs. W. D. Matthews wore pale grey, and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston pale blue with bands of gold embroidery. Mrs. W. Crowther shepherd plaid, tailor-made. Miss McArthur a pale cream gown, hat with poppies. Mrs. Church wore pale grey with cream lace applique.

The Hendrie party was very jolly and happy, and looking forward with high hopes to the great event at 4.15—the running of the "King's Plate," for which each year there is such a rivalry. Father Seagram was there also, the God of Dreams his trumpet card. Messrs. Joe and Ed. Seagram, the latter one of the army of engaged men of this spring's record, and his charming fiancée, who looked lovely in pale green. And as the members' enclosure filled with the many-tinted gowns, the many plant faces, the swell tows of the sportsy men, and so forth, it was an ideal meet, all agreed.

A very sad occurrence was the shockingly sudden death of Mr. John Cassis of Montreal on Wednesday. Mr. Cassis had many friends and acquaintances in Toronto, and it will be recalled that the sudden death of his elder daughter last season recalled another daughter from a bright visit to several prominent persons in town. Very sincere sympathy is sent to the family bereaved of its worthy head.

Miss Edith Harman is home from Montreal. Mr. A. Dickson Patterson is spending some days in New York. Mrs. George Evans is home from Cobourg. Colonel Montgomery of New York is a guest at the Arlington.

Mrs. Worts and Mrs. Macrae gave a very pretty and pleasant afternoon tea to about one hundred and fifty guests on Wednesday afternoon. The house was decorated with very fine arrangements, palms and ferns, and the dining-room was in white and green, with Marguerites and ferns. Mrs. Cass, Mrs. Carmichael, Miss Morrison, Miss Macrae and Miss Chown assisted in the tea-room.

Mr. Marshall P. Stanbury, formerly

of the Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation, left Tuesday en route for the Coronation. He will spend the summer in England and on the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Ince have been enjoying a pleasant visit in New York, and returned this week in time for the races.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, the Misses Arnoldi, and Mr. J. Knighton Chase, spent a delightful little visit at the Welland and Niagara Falls, and returned home early in the week.

Mr. William Rogerson left for New York on Wednesday en route to Europe. He sails on the "Campania."

Mrs. A. McPhedran, Mr. W. Fletcher McPhedran, Mrs. Galt, Mrs. Gordon, Dr. Cotton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Dr. Palmer, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Miss Arnoldi, Miss Marjorie Arnoldi, Mr. A. Nelson, Miss Ethel Gray, Mrs. R. N. Gray, Mr. Frank Cayley, Miss Ada Cayley, Mr. R. Darling, Miss Darling, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilson, Mr. Lincoln Hunter, of Toronto, Miss Lewis of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Patterson, of Embro, and Mrs. W. J. Taylor, of Victoria, B.C., have recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

In the death of Mr. Charles D. Fuller, which occurred after a few days' illness of pneumonia, at his residence, 83 Homewood avenue, May 23, Toronto loses an estimable citizen. Mr. Fuller enjoyed the friendship of a wide circle of friends. He was born at Ogdensburg, N.Y., lived in Belleville for twenty-five years, and Aylmer for six. Removing to Streetsville, he carried on a private banking business before coming to Toronto, where he conducted the same business for four years previous to his death. Mrs. Fuller, who survives him, is receiving the sympathy of all who know her.

Mrs. G. W. Kieley of New York, formerly of Toronto, and her family, have arrived safely in England, where they will spend some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox sail on the "Oceanic" on Wednesday, May 23, to spend the summer abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons and family have taken up residence in "Tadenac Cottage," Balsam avenue, Balmly Beach, for the summer.

The Island season is starting early this year; quite a number have been at their cottages at the East End for some time, and the West End is also beginning to fill up. Among those who have already opened up their summer cottages are: Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Smellie, Mr. Rex Smellie, Mr. and Mrs. E. Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan, and Mr. Cassels.

The Faculty and senior class of the Conservatory School of Literature and Expression hold their commencement exercises on Tuesday, May 27, Thursday, May 29, and Friday, May 30, in the Conservatory Music Hall.

Mr. Arthur Blight's pupils will give a vocal recital in the Normal School Theater on Tuesday evening, May 27. The programme will consist of a number of solos, duets, trios and choruses. Miss Dorothea Davis, pianist, will assist.

A huge audience greeted Sousa and his musicians at the Massey Hall on Wednesday evening. The music was, as usual, bright and noisy, plenty of "do-funny" business, a whistling chorus and a hidden quartette of trombones interluding very effectively. The songstress was gaudy and rather attractive, in a pretty pale pink frock with billows of chiffon and floating "brides" of the same dainty fabric from the fichu. The little violinist suffered from contrast with the player of the preceding evening, but was a bright young girl with evident talent. Sousa himself, a trifle stouter, a trifle bolder, more graceful and powerful than ever, beloved of the crowd, and wearing King Edward's medal, was at his best. The march which he has been permitted to dedicate to the King of England was quite deafening, and abjured the lifting attractiveness of his other tuneful efforts, many of which he gave us. The patrol, introducing our regimental calls and the "Maple Leaf," was one of the numbers which "custom cannot stale." Among the huge audience was one perfect gem, a party of over half a hundred pretty girls from one of our most popular colleges. Other seminaries were also represented. Some of those present were:—Major Cockburn, V.C., and Mrs. Tait, Mr. D. W. Alexander and his Buffalo guests, Mrs. and Miss Keep, Mrs. Brooke and Mrs. Cockburn Clemon of Ottawa, Mrs. Bruce Harman and Mrs. Handyside, Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. Heaven, the Misses Heaven, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Cox, Mrs. Fred Cox, Colonel Otter, D.O.C., C.B., and Mrs. Otter, Colonel and Mrs. Sweeney of Rohallion, Mrs. W. R. Riddell and Miss Maud Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Miss Seymour, Mr. Burnett Laing, Mr. and Mrs. Spooner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Robertson of Caledon, Mrs. Grantham, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mr. John Cawthra, Mr. Albert Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Mr. Osborne and Mrs. Bath, Mr. McInnes and Miss Patterson. When the racket of the "Imperial Edward March" was at its climax, it was quaint to see three dead men in the front seats, one with a large yellow trumpet, one with a gutter-percha fan, and another with a rubber ear trumpet trying to catch the sound.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon arrived on Wednesday evening to spend race week with Hon. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon. The race breakfast at high noon of King's Plate day given by these perfect hosts was hugely smart, and the additional half-hour given to race-goers before the first race this year prevented any hurry over the charming reunion. Miss Muriel Macdougall also arrived from Ottawa on Wednesday evening to visit Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge. Miss

Mrs. Worts and Mrs. Macrae gave a very pretty and pleasant afternoon tea to about one hundred and fifty guests on Wednesday afternoon. The house was decorated with very fine arrangements, palms and ferns, and the dining-room was in white and green, with Marguerites and ferns. Mrs. Cass, Mrs. Carmichael, Miss Morrison, Miss Macrae and Miss Chown assisted in the tea-room.

Mr. Marshall P. Stanbury, formerly

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Mary Gray of Ottawa is visiting Miss Falconbridge, and Mrs. Bob Fleming is with Mrs. Lally McCarthy. Miss Maud Burnham of Port Hope is with Mrs. W. R. Riddell, whose bright and charming presence is most welcome again at all the smart doings. Mrs. Riddell had a box party at the Florizel concert on Tuesday evening. Colonel and Mrs. Turner of Ottawa arrived on King's Plate day to visit Mr. and Mrs. Mann.

Mrs. Reeves is entertaining Mrs. Spencer Irwin of Philadelphia during the races. Mr. Nicol Kingsmill is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Barber of Montreal. Mrs. Thomas Tait is visiting her brother, Major Cockburn, V.C. The Misses Stimson are spending some weeks in town. Mrs. J. D. Hay has Mrs. Braithwaite as her guest at Strathearn. Charming Miss Hendrie of Holmstead and Miss Phyllis will be much missed from the Hamilton party this season, as they are touring abroad. Mrs. Worthington of Sherbrooke is also, I believe, up for the races. Much disappointment is felt that Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan have delayed their return from England so long, though the loss is mostly to the many friends who had expected to have them home in time to see the King's Plate won.

Dr. and Mrs. Hodgins are spending some time in Washington. Senator and Mrs. Cox sail for England next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore went to Halifax last week to bid farewell to their young son, Mr. Charles Beardmore, who sailed for South Africa with the last contingent. Mr. Beardmore holds a lieutenant's commission. He is not yet of age by over a year, and has been with the R. C. I. in Halifax for the past eighteen months. The best of good wishes go with this fine young soldier. Mr. Burton Holland, who was so determined to go to the war three years ago, is again in the salt water en route for Cap-Town. He also holds a lieutenant's commission.

The June weddings are to be many and beautiful. There are now more than half a dozen well-known brides-elect who are absorbed in the delight of trousseau selecting.

"Her husband will have a happy home. She has the nicest temper of any lady I ever fitted," said a fashionable modiste as one of the June brides-elect left her fitting-room. "I do sometimes wish the men could have as good a chance as we have to size up their sweethearts. That lady has had all sorts of trouble getting just what she wishes, but I've never seen her forget to be pleasant and thoughtful for me. I just love to make things for her."

Mr. and Mrs. Monk have gone to their summer place on the Ottawa River.

Mr. and Mrs. Benedict did not come down for King's Plate day, as reported, but friends hope to see them later on.

Major Cockburn, V.C., will not be able to go to the coronation. I hear that Major Forester, A.D.C., is to take his place with the contingent. Major Forester is settled in his country place and finds it very comfortable and salubrious, but would probably welcome the distraction and change of a trip to England under such pleasant auspices.

The annual exhibition of the Toronto Architectural Eighteen Club is being held at the O. S. A. galleries, King street west. The exhibits are principally architectural photographs, and there are about 500 entries. Next week, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the convention of the Architects' League of America will be held at the galleries. The meetings will be open to the public.



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The Toreador's Rose.

WHENEVER I hear the "Toreador's March" from "Carmen"—that gay, devil-may-care melody, with its undertone of tragic sorrow, recalling a picture I once saw of a rose in a skull—I think of Jose Silverio. It was in old Madrid, the romantic city of guitars, dark eyes, love, and bull-fights; where the statue of the Virgin stands in the public square with the late King Alfonso's fatal sapphire burning blue on her carven finger. To the light lilt of merry music Jose Silverio, the handsome toreador, idol of all the young bloods and beloved by half the fair women of Madrid, rode into the ring. A murmur of admiration greeted him—he was splendid in spangles and mounted on a magnificent white horse. After him came his scarlet-clad matadors on foot, armed with light lances fluttering with streamers of many-colored ribbons. The bull's hoarse bellow struck into the music like the deep, mellow note of a bass viol. He was already in the ring pawing up the sawdust defiantly, a superb animal of the best bloods of Andalusia, with delicate hoofs, curving horns, and a skin like

black satin, under which the fierce muscles constantly rippled. The toreador lifted his dark, passionate eyes to a box above, where eyes equally dark, equally passionate, answered his mute, adoring message. The senorita in public by Spanish women of high degree. A diamond star sparkled on her full bosom, and a crimson rose encircled like the lips of a lover the black, slicked masses of her hair, over which a fold of the lace mantilla was coquettishly thrown.

An hour before he had passed the flower between her window bars, and he thrilled with exquisite joy to see it glowing in her dusky braids. The perfume of the rose, already wilting in the hot amphitheater was wafted to his nostrils with the woody smell of fresh sawdust and musky odors from hundreds of constantly moving fans. Its fragrance led him back in sweet retrospection to a walled garden, dim paths, checkered black and silver in the moonlight, the pressure of a soft yielding kiss for kiss, while his blue-ribboned guitar lay silent in the dew at his feet. Then the bull, goaded to splendid ferocity by the torturing ban-

derillos, made his mad charge. The ring became an inferno of hoofs and horns, out of which flashed the keen lightning of the toreador's sword in a cloud of dust. No one could tell afterward exactly how it happened, though every eye was riveted on the arena, but the white horse rolled over in his death agony, dismembered by one swift stroke from those terrible twin scythes fixed in the bull's powerful forehead. By the fraction of a second Jose failed to slip his feet from the stirrups in time to escape the second charge. His body described a glittering arc in the air, and fell lifeless in the sawdust. The sword, spinning from his hand, was caught by a matador, who delivered the coup de grace to the bull by a feat of nimble cunning that elicited a thunder of applause. Even the senorita clapped her little jeweled hands. She leaned over the edge of her box to look down at the limp, inert figure so full of proud courage and virile grace a moment ago.

"Dios! poor fellow," she said. Then, turning to a young man leaning over her chair, "Don Felipe, you may have the rose, though it is wilted now."—Minna Irving, in "Leslie's."

Grimsby Park Notes.

The announcement of the Grimsby Park Company has been placed on our table. It calls attention particularly to the educational work done at this well-known summer resort, which has been largely extended, and systematized, until it forms a very important feature of the season's programme. For the present year it includes the following departments: University Extension, Studies of Tennyson and Shakespeare, under the direction of Mr. William Houston, M.A., of the Education Department; Bible Study, a series of lectures on "The Servant of Jehovah in the Book of Isaiah," embodying the methods and results of the latest modern criticism, by the well-known Biblical scholar, Rev. Dr. Workman; Physical Culture, the classes of which will be under the direction of Mr. R. Stanley Burleigh, supervisor of physical culture in the public schools of Pittsburg, Pa.; and Kindergarten, under the direction of Miss Westman, one of the foremost kindergarten instructors of Canada. We direct attention to the advertisement of this well-known resort in another column of this issue.

Into New Offices.

Mr. C. H. Riggs, the well-known dentist, who for the past fifteen years has been enjoying a splendid practice over the C. P. R. offices at King and Yonge streets, is removing to the Temple building. The new premises will be quite as commodious as the old, the furnishing and fittings entirely new, and altogether will be the most complete dental offices in the Dominion.

Burns in Song.

A handsomely designed and printed Burns memento has been prepared by Mr. John W. Campbell of Toronto, and is now on sale. The first page has a picture of the new Burns monument here, and on the back is a reproduction of the statue of Highland Mary. Inside there are pictures of Burns and his cottage, with facsimile selections from the poet's most famous pieces and some very creditable verses by Mr. Campbell, addressed to the immortal excise man.

Do Universities Foster Snobbishness?

The fear of some people that university life fosters class feeling among students or tends to the encouragement of snobbishness, should be allayed by the statements of President William R. Harper, of the University of Chicago, in a paper on "University and College Education in the United States," which he contributes to "Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History." President Harper says:—"The university is a democratic institution, constituted by the people and for the people. . . . A good definition for a university is the following:—'A self-governing association of men for the purpose of study; an institution privileged by the State for the guidance of the people; an agency recognized by the people for solving the problems of civilization which present themselves in the development of civilization.' A university touches every phase of life at every point." President Harper makes clear all the details of university growth, its relation to theological and social conditions, and its wonderful possibilities both in the present and future.

Lost His Head.

Two sailors, the one Irish, the other English, agreed reciprocally to take care of each other in case of either being wounded in an action then about to take place. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon ball, and on asking Paddy to carry him to the doctor, according to their agreement, the other very readily complied, but had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who through the noise and disturbance had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, continued to make the best of his way to the surgeon. An officer, observing him with a headless trunk, asked him where he was going.

"To the doctor," says Paddy.

"The doctor," says the officer; "why, you blockhead, the man has lost his head."

On hearing this he flung the body from his shoulders, and, looking at it very attentively:

"Arrah now," says he, "he told me it was his leg."

Mrs. Hickay (who is entertaining her little son's playmate, aged five, to dinner)—Willie, can you cut your own meat? Willie (who is struggling with a piece on his plate)—Yes, thank you (with a desperate saw at the beef, I've cut quite as tough meat as this at home.—Glasgow "Evening Times."



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Social and Personal.

WHEN this column was closed last week Florizel had not played his violin to me. The personal pronoun which closed that sentence was premeditated. There are violinists in whom one cannot take that keenly personal interest evoked by a direct appeal to some receptive faculty (a response to which appeal gives one the keenest and most satisfactory delight), and the natural distaste for much-heralded infant geniuses is sometimes strong in one. But Florizel, though in appearance just a pretty, graceful, curly-headed little lad, is not an infant prodigy; he is a grown-up violinist, in tone, technique and temperament. He waxes with the sweetest refinement, and commands with a virility which arouses an uncanny notion of double sight, and though one looks at the fair little head and trim little body of the marvelous boy, one sees the shades of great masters prompting, instructing, inspiring his quick little fingers and whispering to him the secrets of the hearts of men. Whether he gave us sighing, long-drawn melodies or tripping, elf-like dances, or the mystical music of the Magyars, he was a little king over his violin. Once or twice there was a falter in some heavy and difficult passage, which will soon, as he develops, be child's play to him. But with this and that, Florizel is indeed the new century's most gifted child. There was a good audience last week and a fair one on Tuesday evening, and musicians were most delighted with the tone and the sweetness of Florizel's playing. A few of those who heard him on Tuesday were Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Drynan, Major Greville Harston, Mr. Cobb, Mrs. Cockburn Clewof of Ottawa, Mr. William Mackenzie, Mr. William Laidlaw, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Williams, Rev. Mr. Heathcote and Mrs. Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cronyn, Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. R. A. and Miss Harrison, Mr. Henry Williamson, Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. and Miss Hellmuth, Mrs. J. W. F. and Miss Harrison, Mrs. Douglas Ponton, Miss Grace Boulton, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mr. Cockshutt, Mr. George T. Blackstock, Mrs. Brooke, Miss Helen Jones, Mr. Arthur Brooke, Mr. G. A. Case, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. Lincoln Carlyle, Judge and Mrs. Lount, Colonel and Mrs. Milligan of Bromley House, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight, Miss Rousie, Mrs. and Miss Brock, Mrs. Archie Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby, Mrs. E. C. and Miss Ryerson, Miss Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Stovel, Mr. McKinnon, the Misses McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. McWhinney, a large party of students with Miss Veals, a party from St. Margaret's with Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, and many others. Florizel held quite a levee in the green room afterwards, and many admirers secured signed photographs from him. Mrs. Reuter is not a Swiss, but an Iowan, though Florizel was born in Switzerland.

Mrs. Lorne Somerville (nee Hunter) was called upon by heaps of people on the two days of her bridal receptions at Atherley last week. The bride was very sweet and dainty in her wedding gown, a summery and exquisite affair of chiffon and lace. Her little maid of honor and sister-in-law, the younger Miss Somerville of Atherley, received with her. Tea was served in the dining-room, from the balcony of which visitors had a glimpse of the Atherley orchard in full bloom, a bonnie sight to city dwellers. Mr. Hunter and Mr. Arthur Somerville were the cavaliers of the fair ladies who dispensed good things in the tea-room. The bridegroom came in about six, and was in-

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cluded in the general good wishes of the merry party of callers.

The races have absorbed the latter half of this week, and will continue during the entire week following to take up, with attendant festivities, the time of society. The change of weather this week was very welcome, and the stately horsemen, are away behind their usual advance, the warm weather will soon have their brave blooms out in full beauty. By the way, there are some magnificent tulip gardens in full bloom this week. The parterre at the Queen's Park is in fine shape, and the Premier's lawn, the St. George street lawns and the senatorial grass plot in Sherbourne street are quite radiant. Government House has also gorgeous tulip beds. In fact, to make the tour of Toronto just now is a joy to lovers of bright bloom and exquisite, fresh greenery.

Miss Edith Folger of Kingston is visiting Mrs. Alec Cartwright at 4 Harbord street. Miss Saunders of Kingston is visiting her sister, Mrs. McIlwraith, in Carlton street.

Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Ambury and Miss Gretchen Gilbert will spend the summer at Balm Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Larratt Smith returned early in the week from their wedding-trip.

Miss Puddicombe of London, who has been visiting Mrs. Hellmuth at Lawton Park, returned home early this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Vaughton Owen of Chambly are, as usual, visitors to the races. They are the guests of Mrs. Owen's mother, Mrs. Horetzki.

Yet another engagement interesting to society is to be announced shortly. A considerable romance and much patient waiting is rewarded in this case.

Anxiety is felt in certain circles over the mysterious disappearance of a lady connected with some of Toronto's most important people. Since this day fortnight nothing has been seen or heard of her, and enquiries among all her friends have had no satisfactory answer. Some fear that in a temporary fit of melancholy she may have taken some reckless step to her death, while others who know her well assert that she has gone to a distant city to devote herself to literary work. In the meantime the minds of her friends are distressed exceedingly.

Mrs. Comstock of New York is the guest of Mrs. Herbert Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith and Miss Margaret Thomson are going to Scotland for a holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Clark are to be domiciled for the summer in one of the Queen's Royal cottages at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mr. Morrison of Baltimore is the guest of Dr. Herbert Greene for race week.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth returned on Tuesday from St. Catharines. Mrs. Lister is spending a short time with Mrs. Aylesworth.

Miss Scott of Jameson avenue sailed this week for England.

Mr. and Mrs. William Graham Simpson are settled for the season in their summer cottage, "Fernholm," Balm Beach, where Mrs. Simpson will receive each Friday next month.

Mrs. A. J. McKay of 169 College street will not receive again until next season.

A correspondent writes: "A most delightful musical was given on Monday evening in the Woman's Art Gallery in connection with the United Empire Loyalists' Association. The hall looked very pretty, being decorated with flags, flowers and palms. Mr. R. E. A. Land, president of the association, occupied the chair. Miss Mabel S. Hicks, the talented young pianist, opened the programme with a brilliant rendering of the Wagner-Liszt "Spinning Song." Mr. Chrystal Brown was

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in excellent voice, and gave a number of choice selections. Mr. Frank Blachford entirely won the hearts of the audience in his violin solos, receiving much applause. Miss Richardson gave a very pleasing mezzo solo, and Miss B. Goulding a cornet duet, and Mrs. Blight and Mr. T. A. Davies, the accompanists. After the recital refreshments were served.

For the Empire Day party at the Unitarian Church, Jarvis street, on Friday evening, the following programme has been arranged: Supper served at 6.30 o'clock; "God Save the King," song; "In May Time," by Mrs. A. B. J. address; "The Empire," Mr. R. E. A. Land; song; "There's a Land," Mr. J. L. O'Malley; address; "The Dominion," Dr. George Kennedy; song; "Canada's Hymn of Empire," by Mrs. J. A. Walker; address; "The Women of Canada," by Mrs. James L. Hughes; song; "Three Cheers for the Flag," by Mr. Gus P. Thomas.

Mrs. Noxon and Mrs. Nell McLean of Ashmere, Bathurst street, will not receive again this season.

The annual meeting of the Victorian Order of Nurses took place yesterday at the Home, 206 Spadina avenue.

The Fable of Matsukata.

COUNT MATSUKATA, former Prime Minister of Japan, who is known in America as "the father of the gold standard," was asked during his recent visit to New York whether "Captains of Industry" in the Mikado's Empire were getting control of the country's trade and resources.

"Not to the same extent as in more advanced lands," answered Count Matsukata with a smile. "Perhaps we are influenced by the old Myth of the Gold Man," handed down from the ancient days of Sin Mu."

The count was requested to tell the legend, and he said:

"In the dim historic dawn a merchant eager for great wealth heard of a strange grove of wild lemon trees whose fabulous fruit, when eaten, would convert the hand that plucked it into gold."

"So the merchant journeyed to the grove, where the God of Riches, with a great sack on his shoulders, bade him help himself. He did so, and his arm was converted into gleaming gold. This he had amputated, and, though bereft of an arm, became a man of wealth."

"A banker, hearing of the strange case, determined to secure the total produce of the miraculous lemon trees. To that end he bought out the right of the guardian deity; but that shrewd being exacted so great a price that the covetous banker found his fortune depleted. To secure ready money he determined to eat of the fruit and sacrifice an arm."

"Raw lemon, however, was too astringent for his pampered palate, and so he sweetened the juice of several lemons, and, adding thereto wine of rare vintage, drank greedily of the potent and tempting beverage."

"In a few minutes he had turned into a pillar of gold."

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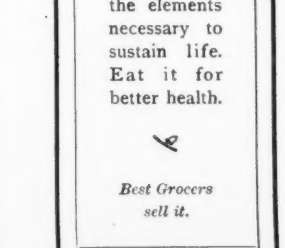
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"What became of that lemon grove?" enquired a vigilant New Yorker who had listened eagerly to the story.

"There is no record," replied Count Matsukata, smiling, "of its having been destroyed, but happily our fortune-hunters have not been able to locate it."

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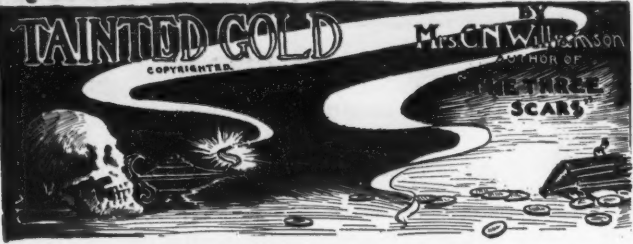


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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The tale opens at the Duke of Clarence's Theater, by the stage-door of which a young man, powerful, and remarkably handsome, but looking as if he had just come from the Wild West, is waiting to see the manager. He is noticed by Winifred Gray, a rising young actress, and also by Lionel Macaire, a millionaire and friend of the manager's, but of repulsive appearance and infamous character. The stranger, who is introduced as Hope Newcome, introduces himself as a friend of "F.E.Z." and the initials strangely affect not only the manager, Mr. Anderson, but also Macaire. Newcome, who announces that he has come to England for the purpose of "finding something," asks Anderson for an engagement, but the manager, prompted by his millionaire friend, finds an excuse for refusing. During the performance that evening Winifred Gray is sent for to the boudoir, where she sees Macaire. The millionaire informs her that he has now a controlling interest in the theater, and offers her an engagement as Rosalind. Winifred, who has been playing small parts, is at first dazzled by the offer, but on a declaration of love from Macaire she reflects on the millionaire's advances with loathing. Macaire allows her to go for the moment, but declares that he will break her will. The same night Hope Newcome, still lurking at the stage door, sees a stranger of powerful physique mount the box of Winifred's cab beside the driver. Newcome orders him down, and a struggle takes place. Newcome soon disposes of his opponent, and receives the thanks of the young actress, who, however, hardly realizes the danger she has escaped. Next day Winifred is sent for by Anderson, and, evidently with great reluctance on the part of the manager, told that she is not suitable for the role she is to assume in a forthcoming production, and that if she prefers to leave the company at once she will receive salary for the next fortnight. Winifred sees she has no option but to go, and she goes, also from what quarter the blow falls, for as she leaves the manager's room, Macaire enters with an unmistakable expression on his face. She visits all the theatrical agents and managers in vain for weeks, and is aware that strong influences are working against her.

CHAPTER XIX. Winifred's Luck.

One morning Mrs. Gray, aching in heart and soul at the thought of her own helplessness and the sight of Winifred's face growing whiter every day, impulsively reproached Dick for only trying to get the sort of work he liked, not striving for what he might really obtain, no matter if it were irksome. The burden thrown upon Winifred was too great; he must shoulder his part of it.

Without a word Dick took up the smart silk hat he had been playing with, and walked out of the room with such a look on his beautifully chiseled face—wonderfully like his handsome, improvident father's—that the mother's heart smote her.

That afternoon, while Winifred was out wearily interviewing the agents who had always the same answer, a note in Dick's handwriting was brought to Mrs. Gray by a messenger. "Dear Mother—I have done what you wished, and shouldered my half the burden," it curtly ran. "As you truly said, I ought not to mind whether it is irksome or not, and as there seemed to be only one door open to me, I've gone in by it. I suppose you won't scorn my father's profession for me, even though I begin at the bottom. This means that I've taken the King's shilling—or would, if they'd bothered giving it me. And I'm now Private Richard Gray, First Battalion, Northamptonshire Regiment, but still your son, who—I hope you'll think—has done the best he could."

"P.S.—(Dick had not been able to resist this last reproachful little stab.) "As I thought it would be better not to shame you and Win by calling on you in the uniform of a private soldier, I have enlisted in a regiment quartered at a distance. This, to save you pain, and so good-bye."

A week later followed a letter imploring his mother, for Heaven's sake, to get money somehow, no matter how, and buy him out. The life was awful. A gentleman couldn't stand it. If he weren't saved from it he would not answer for himself. He would be tempted to commit suicide, for existence as a "ranker" was worse than death.

Supposing he did take his own life? the mother and daughter asked each other. He was rash enough to do anything, and his present mood seemed a desperate one. Yet they could not help it. It was while Mrs. Gray still held Dick's passionate appeal in her hand, just read, that the bell rang sharply. Winifred herself went to the door, as Jameson and the cook had both been paid and sent away. A district messenger-boy had come with a letter for her. "I was to wait for an answer, miss," he said.

The letter was from Fitz-John Doulton, the agent whom Winifred had called upon in vain on the first day of her trouble. Since then she had seen him not once, but several times; yet he had never any hope to hold out. Now he wrote in haste, asking her to come down at once, as there was a chance which might suit her.

Winifred was too young and healthy a girl not to be sanguine. In the past weeks of suspense and disappointment she thought that she had learnt not to hope for anything until it should be a certainty, but now her heart leaped up with a bound. She had had a certain superficial radiance of her prettiness lately through sleepless nights and weary days, which had drained her face of color, robbed her eyes of brightness, and her cheeks of their childlike contour; but as she ran in to Mrs. Gray with the letter from Mr. Doulton all her bloom and sparkle had come back.

"Well, wire poor old Dick to keep up his courage, and that we'll do our best for him," she cried. "And for you, dearest—oh, it shall be all right for you soon—soon. You didn't think I'd forgotten. It does really seem as if there were something in this. Mr. Doulton wouldn't have troubled to send up in such a hurry otherwise. And I've sent the boy back to say that I'll be at the office almost as soon as he will."

The two kissed each other, with a kiss that meant much; all they had

suffered together in the past, and all they dared to hope for in the future, was in the close touch of the fading lips and the young, red mouth. Then Winifred hurried off to her room to put on her prettiest frock, that—thin and slightly worn as it already was—she might favorably impress the manager, who was presumably waiting to interview her.

For once, though others were assembled in the outer office, she had not to wait. Mr. Doulton was expecting Miss Gray, and had given orders that she was to go to him as soon as she arrived.

"Well, my dear, your chance has come at last!" were his first words, as she was shown in. A few weeks ago he would not have ventured to call her "my dear," though it was his habit, in common with a certain type of stage-manager, to address young ladies applying to him for engagements in such familiar terms. But now Miss Winifred Gray was only a girl among other girls, "out of a shop," and dying to get one; and today was not a day when she would dare to resent a small familiarity, which, after all, meant nothing to the ears of a professional.

She only blushed, and tightened her lips a little at the agent's greeting, murmuring nervously that she had come down as quickly as she could to hear his news.

"Well, so far as I can see, you're in for a 'soft snap,' as our neighbors across the pond say," went on Doulton. "Leading part, good salary, and immediate engagement. The only difficulty is—"

"Oh, there is a difficulty?" echoed Winifred, when he paused.

"That's for you to judge. You might or might not think it one. Anyhow, at this season of the year leading parts with twenty guineas a week screw don't grow on blackberry bushes, even for the picking of such charming young actresses as yourself."

"Twenty guineas a week!" exclaimed the girl, with a wily beating of the blood in her temples. "Are—are you sure I can get the engagement?"

Doulton grinned at her childlike betrayal of eagerness. "It's for you to take or leave, it appears," he answered her. "Marmaduke Wantage, a man very well known all over England some years ago, is going to revive an old play, which was once very celebrated, and intends to make a great production of it. In his opinion you are exactly what he wants for the principal part, and as it's a big one he makes a big offer."

"What is the play?" asked Winifred. "The play's 'Mazeppa,'" as Fitz-John Doulton spoke he slyly watched the girl's face from under lowered lids. But it only showed surprise.

"Mazeppa," she repeated, slowly, as if the name conveyed no particular meaning to her mind, or as if she hunted vainly for an elusive recollection.

"Yes. Have you ever read Byron's famous poem?"

"No," Winifred answered, quite ashamed of the necessity for a negative. "I've read very little of Byron. I've heard of 'Mazeppa,' of course, but I don't even know what it's about. Wasn't it played a long time ago?"

"Long before your day, or even mine. But Wantage thinks it old success can be repeated, with a lot of scenic effect, and a good company. The way of it is a pantomime, fallen through, and he's got hold of the theater. He's going to try this instead, to open on Boxing Day. So you see there's just time to go to it, with rehearsals beginning on the 15th; that's the day after to-morrow. It's sudden, but he only just got the date, and must do the best he can. I don't say that you'll like the part, though a very handsome creature, Ada Isaacs Menken, made a tremendous hit in it forty or fifty years ago. You can sign the contract to-day if you like, and get not only your railway ticket (you'll be expected to stop in Brighton for rehearsals, and not to travel to and fro between there and town), but full salary during the five weeks of rehearsals."

"Why, it's unheard of!" exclaimed Winifred, who knew enough of the stage to understand how quixotically generous such an offer was.

"Good, isn't it?" But a rich amateur, who has an enormous fancy for Byron in general and 'Mazeppa' in particular, is the 'angel,' it seems, and there was some fear that it would be difficult to get just the right woman for the part. I suppose this is a sort of hook to catch the fish."

"And I am really the fish they want?" ejaculated the girl. "Surely I must be second or third choice."

"Well, Wantage did intimate that he'd suggested making overtures to Miss Nelson before applying to me at all for any of his people. But she's under contract for January, so it was no use. And there aren't many of the right sort free just now. He'll be lucky to get you, and he's evidently keen on you. Why, look here, my dear, if you'd like to get something out of this chap I'll give you a tip. You might make it a point that you got a few weeks' screw in advance—say you've got to have it before you can leave town, or anything you like. I believe he'd plump it down like a bird rather than lose you—for, you see, he's up a tree, as if the thing's to be ready by Boxing Day he must have all his arrangements in working order at once."

Winifred's head swam in a giddiness of sheer joy, in the intensity of sudden relief after long-continued strain. "Could I really do that?" she asked, her breath coming and going quickly.

"Of course you could. I'll see to that. It's all the better for me, you know," and the dramatic agent laughed. "As for Wantage and his angel, they'll be glad to put salt on the bird's tail. You're valuable to them, and once you've handed their money you're doubly bound to keep your contract; no fine lady whimsies such as some sweet maids in our profession indulge in, and matrons, too."

Winifred thought within herself there was little enough danger that she would try to escape from the contract. Why, it seemed too good to be true that so wonderful an opportunity had come to her at last! Twenty pounds a week—and for rehearsals, too—when she had reached a pass to have been thankful for three or four. She was sure that the hand of Providence was in it; and she was glad that the matter was to be arranged so quickly, for if her enemy had heard of her great luck he might have found some way of prejudicing this Mr. Marmaduke Wantage and his rich backer against her.

Mr. Doulton committed himself to a virtual promise that, if she chose to ask, through him, for salary in advance, three or four weeks' money would in all probability be ready for her taking when the contract was signed the next day.

That night there was much rejoicing in the little flat near Bryanston Square. The reaction from suffering to joy was almost too keen, and Winifred and her mother cried in each other's arms.

Next morning, Mr. Doulton's prophecy was proved true. She did not see Mr. Wantage, who was attending to important business in Brighton, it appeared, but the contract was ready for her signature, and a cheque for a hundred guineas. In this regard, the agent's thrill of apprehension was favored. No one else among the people engaged for the forthcoming production would have got an advance if they had asked for it, but her part, whether she liked it or not, was considered that of a "star." Besides, Mr. Doulton added confidentially, he had fancied she might be a "bit hard up" owing to the sudden severance of her connection with the Duke of Clarence's, and he had made a special point of the accommodation with Mr. Wantage.

So the agent got his commission, and Winifred had still a goodly amount left.

She knew that her mother would not have one peaceful moment until Dick was brought out of his present predicament, for he had threatened suicide, and he was just the sort of rash, impulsive boy to keep the threat in some dark moment of desperation. At least, Winifred believed that he might do this, and if so terrible a thing should happen her mother would die, and her own life be blighted for ever.

To save Dick from the situation his own foolishness had created would take what appeared to Winifred now a large sum, but there would still be a goodly amount left towards the expenses of the surgical operation which Sir Digby Field had declared absolutely necessary for the preservation of Mrs. Gray's life.

Without speaking to her mother of the intention in her mind, the girl went straight to the famous surgeon, and, being lucky enough to find him disengaged for the moment, frankly asked if he, and the authorities at the nursing home, would consent to operate on her for a few weeks, would wait for part of the payment. Unconsciously, her looks rather than her words betrayed the deep anxiety of her heart. Sir Digby Field was a kind old man, and was at once interested. He remembered Mrs. Gray's case very well, and recalled the verdict that he had given when he had seen her last. He had said then that she ought to be operated upon within two months, and already six weeks had gone by since that day. There was no time to be lost.

Sir Digby had seen Winifred act, and tactfully intimated to her that his fees were less to "professionals," or the immediate family of professionals. He would do all the work for half the usual fee, and as the nursing home was under his direction he could promise that Mrs. Gray would be taken for something less than the ordinary charge. Altogether, Winifred was made to understand at last that she actually had enough in hand to prevent any further delay. What was lacking could easily be paid out of the next few weeks' salary, when she received it.

When all this had been carefully calculated, the girl flew home to her mother and broke the news that Sir Digby Field had named the day for the ordeal. The operation would be performed by him on the next Saturday, and Winifred was almost certain that, though she was compelled to go to Brighton at once, and was not supposed to travel to and fro, she would be allowed to come to town for so good and sufficient a reason.

Arrangements were made for Dick's release from bondage; and then Winifred placed the rest of the money, all but five pounds (upon which she resolved to live during the weeks of rehearsal) in their old bank to Mrs. Gray's credit. So it would be safe when it was needed, and presently she would tell her mother what had been done, assuring her that she had kept plenty for herself.

It was bitterly hard to say good-bye, with a thought in the hearts of both of the trial that was coming—the danger which Sir Digby Field made light of, yet could not wholly deny. Still, the tide of fortune seemed to have turned, and the little frail woman and the girl were hopeful, each one striving to appear far more cheerful than she really was. Mrs. Gray went to the station to see Winifred off, grieved that she should go third-class and without a maid, and making the girl promise that she would take comfortable lodgings and write immediately. Dick would be at home before Saturday, and Winifred must not fret.

By the same train went several of the actors and actresses engaged for Mr. Marmaduke Wantage's production, and Winifred recognized them from portraits which she had seen in Fitz-John Doulton's office. He had pointed the photographs out to her the day before, saying that the original would be of her "party." It struck the girl that they were all somewhat common in their appearance—"cheap people," as they would have been slightly called in their own profession, and she could not see one among the number whom she thought that she should care to know.

"I do hope there will be others who are nicer," she found herself wishing, then remembered how little difference it would make to her after all. Whether they had motives for economy equal to her own, or whether their salaries for rehearsal were not to be on the same scale of generosity as hers, at all events, the five or six other members of the new company traveled third-class, and a gaudily-dressed

young woman with very yellow hair came into Winifred's compartment. She was a witness to the farewells between the girl and her mother; and when the train had left Victoria Station she spoke to Winifred, who happened to be the only other occupant of the compartment.

"I beg your pardon," said the lady of yellow hair, "but are you Miss Winifred Gray?"

Winifred smiled—a little sadly, for tears were on her lashes still from the parting with her best loved one—and admitted her claim to that name. "I thought I must be right," went on the other. "I never saw you act, but I've seen your photograph—only you're a bit thinner and a bit different, somehow. I'm Miss Julia Sinclair. Perhaps you've heard of me. I think we're going to be in the same company, from what Mr. Doulton told me. Only, of course, it isn't true that you're playing 'Mazeppa'."

"Yes, it is true," said Winifred.

Her traveling companion gave her a very queer look. "Dear me!" she exclaimed. "I thought Mr. Doulton must be joking. I shouldn't have supposed that was in your line at all."

"Why not?" Winifred asked, wondering at the look and tone.

"Oh, nothing particular," said Miss Sinclair. But her voice declared that it was very particular indeed; and the girl's fair thrill of apprehension that Winifred had felt for herself since her great good fortune thrilled through her veins. What was there so peculiar about this part, which first Mr. Doulton and now this bold-eyed girl had hinted at? Why should it be "out of her line?"

CHAPTER XXII.

A Question of Costume.

Winifred had left London in the morning, and at two the first reading rehearsal was appointed at the Brighton Theater. She found cheap lodgings—not in the same house with Miss Sinclair, for whose companionship she had no fancy—lunched on bread and milk, that her five guineas might last the longer, and arrived promptly at the theater.

The stage-manager and prompter were already at the little table on which lay all the parts for distribution. The former rose with more punctiliousness than most provincial managers showed as Winifred drew near, and a tall, slightly dissipated-looking man, who had been talking with him and the prompter, advanced to meet her.

"Miss Gray, I think," asked the tall man. "Ah, yes, I have had the pleasure of seeing you act in London. I am Mr. Wantage. Glad to meet you, and to have secured you for my production."

Thereupon he proceeded to introduce the stage-manager, whose name was Jefferys, and Winifred was given her part. At this time the company was assembling, and the girl could not help noticing how differently she was treated from the rest. It was as if she had been a princess among peasants, and she was at a loss to understand the way in which she was distinguished, since the fact that she was engaged to play a leading part was hardly enough alone to account for it. Mr. Marmaduke Wantage, too, was a puzzle. Once he had been what is called a "fine man," but he looked as if he had been buffeted in the battle of life. His nose was red; there were bags under his eyes, and his flashy clothing was ostentatiously new. He gave the impression of a person who had been down in the world, having come so suddenly up again as to be almost disconcerted by his own good luck.

After an introduction or two had been effected Winifred opened her part with curiosity, and began to skim over the lines before the rehearsal. Then came a shock. She hurried from the wings where she had been sitting to the stage-manager, and as soon as she had finished giving certain directions to the prompter she attracted his attention.

"These read like a man's lines," she said.

"Mazeppa was a man, you know," he answered.

For an instant Winifred could not speak, but by an effort she controlled herself. "I didn't know," she returned. "No doubt it was stupid of me, but I never read the poem or heard anyone speak of it, except casually. I—I can't—"

She was about to say that she could not possibly play a male part, when she remembered how completely she was bound. "It isn't in my line at all," (Miss Julia Sinclair's very words, as she realized while speaking them.)

"Mr. Wantage thinks it in your line," replied the stage-manager. "You're 'specially engaged.' I should have thought a larger person would look it better, but I've no doubt you'll act charmingly." His eyes glanced over her face and figure. "And in your great scene you will be perfect."

Gas Factories

In People Who do Not Know How to Select Food and Drink Properly.

On the coffee question a lady says: "I used to be so miserable after breakfast that I did not know how to get through the day. Life was a burden to me. When I tried to sleep I was miserable by having horrible dreams, followed by hours of wakefulness. Gas would rise on my stomach, and I would belch almost continually. Then every few weeks I would have a long siege of sick headaches. I tried a list of medicines and physicians, without benefit."

"Finally I concluded to give up my coffee and tea altogether and use Postum Coffee. The first cup was a failure. It was wishy-washy, and I offered to give the remainder of the package to anyone who would take it. 'I noticed later on in one of the advertisements that Postum should be boiled at least 15 minutes to make it good. I asked the cook how she made it, and she said: 'Just the same as I did tea, being careful not to let it steep too long.'"

"I read the directions and concluded Postum had not had a fair trial, so we made a new lot and boiled it 15 or 20 minutes. That time it came to the table a different beverage, and was so delicious that we have been using it ever since."

"My sick headaches left entirely, as did my sleepless nights, and I am now a different woman." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"Oh, is there a 'great scene?' " she echoed.

"Yes. It was a big sensation once. No reason why it shouldn't be so again."

"And the costume?" Winifred faltered, her eyes large and anxious. "Oh—the costume? You'll find that all right. Picturesque, you know—ancient period. Plenty of time to discuss that later. Now, we really must call the first one."

Winifred felt cold all over. She had never played a part in male attire save Rosalind, when she had dressed in long leggings, the drapery of a cloak constantly falling about the figure or forming a background. Even that costume had caused her embarrassment at a girl, with all a sweet, wholesome, modest girl's modesty to shield her even in disguise, made it less distasteful to an actress than genuinely aping a man.

Yet there was nothing to be done except go through with it. Not only was the contract signed, but she had accepted full salary in advance for the weeks of rehearsal. It was partly her own fault. She ought to have thought less of the advantage she would reap and more about the part; then she would have asked more questions. But even so, Winifred did not see, if she had known the truth from the beginning, how she could have acted differently. It was for her mother's very life—perhaps her brother's life, too—and she must not think of herself and her own scruples. Many good, modest women dressed in male attire on the stage, and no one thought the less of them, nor did they lose their own self-respect—which was even more important.

So Winifred read her lines, and learnt her stage business, and nobody guessed what she was feeling. But as the rehearsal went on she wondered more and more at the choice of "Ma-

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Dress Reform.

Once upon a time a certain woman, who had been much pestered by a dress reformer, was shot at by a frenzied tailor, and was saved from an untimely death by her corset, which deflected the bullet.
"Ah!" she exclaimed, turning triumphantly upon the dress reformer. "If I had quit wearing corsets, as you advised me, I should be dead now!"
"Oh, no!" replied the dress reformer, with perfect serenity. "Women who don't wear corsets don't have frenzied suitors, you know!"—"Town Topics."

zeppa" as an attraction to open at pantomime time in a town like Brighton at the beginning of the twentieth century. It was said to be a "new version," but it was clumsy and old-fashioned.

"What do you think of it?" asked the man destined to play the tyrant, who dooms Mazeppa to a ghastly fate. He spoke in a confidential undertone, such as one "pro." uses to another when the eccentricities of the management are to be discussed. They were not "on," but were waiting in the wings, and nobody was near enough to hear the words.

"I don't know what to think of it," responded Winifred.

"If it has a chance it will be your big scene that will save it."

"You mean the one with you?"

"No—oh, dear no. I mean when you come on strapped to the horse. They say the house used to rise to Ada Isaacs Menken."

"I—have to come on—strapped to a horse?"

"Don't tell me you didn't know that?"

"I didn't. Oh, I can't do it. I should be too frightened. They must leave out that scene."

"I expect they'd sooner leave out all the rest of the play. Why, that is 'Mazeppa'—all it's worth being put on for. They'll get a reliable 'gee' for you, of course. But there'll have to be rehearsals. Fact is, Miss Gray—and he chuckled a little—"we're all rather looking forward to that scene."

Somehow Winifred was angry. He was not a gentleman, she told herself, and there was a look and an emphasis which she disliked, though she could not quite have explained why.

After the rehearsal Mr. Wantage called her aside. The gentleman who was "backing" him—a great lover of Byron—had a horse which he was going to lend for the big scene. It had been bought from a circus, and was a clever and docile beast, and would arrive in a few days with its groom, and there must be rehearsals. Did Miss Gray understand horses?

She had ridden when a child, and again sometimes in the Park since she had lived in London; but that was her sole experience. She did not think that she was a coward, but if she had known what she would be required to do as Mazeppa she would have thought twice before taking the part.

"I hope you don't accuse me of unfairness in my treatment of you?" asked Mr. Wantage. "Every request you have made has been granted, and if there is anything else—"

"Only to escape from that scene, if it were possible."

"That's the one thing that isn't possible. Everything depends upon that. Oh, it won't be half as bad as you think. And it will be the success of your life. All England will be talking about you."

There was little consolation in that, but Winifred did not say so. When she wrote to her mother in the evening, she did not mention her new troubles.

When the invalid was well again, then the requirements of the part might be gently broken to her, and the best made of them. After all, Winifred could not obtain permission to go to town on Saturday, but a telegram was waiting for her after the long hours of suspense during rehearsal to say that all was well. The operation had been successfully performed. On Sunday she did go to London, and was allowed to see Mrs. Gray, though not to speak. There was only a gentle pressure of the hand, and a meeting of the eyes which said as much as words; but it was hard for the girl to go away again, knowing that, as she had left herself so little money, she could not afford another visit until she began receiving salary once more.

To her relief, nothing further was said about the horse for some days. Then, one morning, it was announced that the animal had arrived at Brighton, but he was to be accustomed to the stage by his groom, who would rehearse him several times privately before Miss Gray need try the scene. Would she care to see the creature meanwhile?

At first she refused, for the thought of what she must be prepared to do was hateful. But after a day or two a kind of nervous curiosity triumphed, and she informed Mr. Jeffrey that she would like to be present when the others were out of the theater the next time that the animal was rehearsed on the stage.

So she sat in a box and watched the queer scene with an unpleasant fascination. The footlights were lit that the horse might become accustomed to the effect, and then Winifred heard the echoing ring of hoofs on wood. The horse was in the wings, being got ready for his entrance. Suddenly he dashed on at a gallop, and with a thump of the heart she saw that a slim young man, almost a boy, was strapped across the creature's back, with his head hanging down. The horse went through various evolutions, such as rearing with his rider and flinging up his hind legs as if desiring to be rid of the burden, then galloped off the stage again.

This was Mazeppa's "great" scene. This was what she—Winifred Gray—would be called upon to do. It seemed even more horrifying than her fancy had painted it.

After that day the girl looked forward with shuddering to her own first rehearsal with the formidable animal.

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Winifred was not particularly concerned. She did not see the crucial necessity for an extra dress. She could quite well go through the horrid scene in one she had worn previously, for the less the audience looked at her during those moments the better she would be pleased.

Just as she was ready to go out for her first scene someone knocked at the door and handed in a parcel. "Your costume's come at last," said a voice, and Winifred took the box that was hastily handed to her.

But she could not wait to open it

then. Tossing the parcel on to a chair, she hurried away, and was only just in time.

Out in front was a sea of faces. The house was packed. Winifred only saw this vaguely, but as she appeared upon the stage someone moved in the proscenium box and let fall a rose, which dropped close to her feet. Involuntarily the girl looked up, and met the eyes of Lionel Macaire.

(To be continued.)

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The Equal Rights of Man.

(After Wordsworth's "We Are Seven.")
An artless, dull, mechanic fool,
By Union catchwords caught—
Why should he want a better school
Of economic thought?

It was a gracious morn of Spring.
The hour was half-past six.
Some men were on a scaffolding
Engaged in laying bricks.

My fancies, soaring with the lark,
Recurred to common soil.
I felt I could not but remark
The dignity of Toil.

Anon I set this thought aside,
Observing one that cast
Reproaches on his mate and cried,
"Ere, stow it! not so fast!"

"Good friend," I said, in wonder lost,
"I am concerned to know
What is the cause why you accost
Yon earnest workman so?"

"If to be idle were a sin,
I naturally ask
Why you should want to check him in
The middle of his task?"

"Guv'nor," he said, "you take my word,
It ain't no manners in a bird
To queer his neighbor's nest."

"If 'e don't mend 'e 'll 'ave to quit;
I know 'is nawsty tricks;
'E works too rapid; 'e 's a bit
Too 'andy with 'is bricks!"

"Take it from me, that's why I'm put
To check 'is little plan,
An' stop 'is rampant under foot
The Rights of 'e Man!"

"If in the act of laying bricks
He tastes a human joy,
Would you propose," I said, "to fix
A term to that employ?"

"Read what the Union bosses say!"
That guileless swain replied;
"They lets us lay so much a day,
And not a brick beside."

"'E'd like to knock the stiffens out,
By layin' all he can,
I tell him straight, 'Ere, 'ow about
The Equal Rights o' Man?"

"Your case," I cried, "betrays a flaw:
The souls of men are free;
You seem to overlook the law
Of manhood's liberty."

"On Competition's eager head
You place a tyrant's ban,
That's 'ow our motto runs," he said—
"The Equal Rights o' Man!"

"But you ignore," I answer made,
"You pla upon the shelf
The promise of celestial aid
To him that helps himself."

"Each should improve what hours he may
Within his mortal span."
"I tell him straight, 'Ere, 'ow about
The Equal Rights o' Man!"

"—O. S. in "Punch."

Curious Bits of News.
Heretofore scarcely anything but the dangers of the use of tobacco have been insisted upon. But now, according to the British medical journal, "Lancet," Dr. Dumas in a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Pharmacy has demonstrated that tobacco greatly retards the growth of the bacilli of influenza, of diphtheria and of tuberculosis.

The handwritings of father and son are often very much alike, although the father has not taught the son. Handwriting, according to Darwin and other authorities, is hereditary, just as much as disposition and other characteristics. The theory is that certain ligaments are inherited, and so we are led to shape our letters in the same way. Sometimes there is a skip over a generation, as with malades and marks, and the writing of grandfather and grandson is almost identical, whereas that of the father is quite different.

A young couple were married in Fenelon Falls recently, and a number of their friends and relatives assembled at the railway station to see them off on their honeymoon. Old slippers and rice were showered on the happy pair as they boarded the train. When they got comfortably seated in the car, the groom noticed a boot in the aisle, and, thinking it was one that had been thrown into the car by some of his friends, threw the boot out of the window as the train was moving.

It happened that the boot belonged to a well-known Toronto commercial traveler who had removed it to ease his weary feet. On the arrival of the train at Lindsay the bridegroom was compelled to purchase a new pair of boots for the drummer.

The Philadelphia "Record" succinctly states the case for vegetarianism in the following words: "Vegetarians hold that meat is poisonous, and condemn it severely in every possible way. Water forms 75 per cent. of its composition, they claim, and what gives it its flavor is the principle of active poison in it. Venous blood, they say, is admitted to be poisonous, and it is this blood in meat that causes it to taste pleasantly. To prove their claim they state that meat, washed clean of its venous blood, has no taste whatever, and no one will eat it. 'Eat vegetables, fruits and grains,' say the vegetarians, 'if you would be healthy. Join our ranks, for one-third of the world's inhabitants belong to us already—the millions of Buddhists are with us, their creed forbidding them to kill any living thing. Tolstoi is a vegetarian, and Thoreau was one, also, while in the past our fold included Adam, Plato, Voltaire, Benjamin Franklin and a thousand other immortal names.'"

A little mouse is said to be responsible for the defeat of the Coburn Classical Institute basketball team in their recent game with the high school girls of Bangor, Me. It seems that they were lunching in a private dining-room in a restaurant preparatory to the game, when a man, who heard them chatting and laughing, hit upon the idea of testing their bravery. He se-

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SHIPPED ON APPROVAL
Belle Nivernaise. To the University of Chicago students last week, he said that Daudet, when asked by the management of one of the American magazines to write a certain kind of story, enquired of him whether he had such a story written, but not yet published. M. Le Roux said that he had not, but that he had material for such a story in his mind. He then wrote, he says, the story which is known as "La Belle Nivernaise," and turned it over to Daudet, who read it, signed his name to it, and then sent it on to the American publishers, by whom it was first printed. "I was amazed on landing in this country to find the book a classic," said M. Le Roux. "Neither M. Daudet nor myself thought it one. The story of a good young man a classic—the idea is ridiculous to us."

Shakespeare vs. Bacon.
After a long sojourn in the cheerless and desolate caves of oblivion, the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is once more in the center of the stage, with the limelight shining upon it and a huge chorus of argumentative cranks in a double row behind it. Some of the latest theories promulgated are, according to the Baltimore "News," as follows:

(a) That Bacon and Shakespeare were one and the same man.

(b) That Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays while in prison, serving a sentence of one year for profanely cursing and swearing on the public highway.

(c) That the name Bacon was merely Shakespeare's nom de plume, assumed because the bard was a ham actor.

(d) That Shakespeare, being ashamed of his plays, blamed Bacon.

(e) That Shakespeare invented the Baconian theory in order to mislead his creditors.

(f) That the real author of the plays was Bacon's father-in-law, a saloon-keeper, named George W. Ferguson.

(g) That Shakespeare sold out his playwrighting business to Bacon after writing half of the plays.

(h) That Shakespeare and Bacon were partners.

(i) That they were not.

(j) That maybe they were.

(k) That nobody knows whether they were or not.

(l) That nobody cares.

Simply Cumulative.
"Eating pie, old man? Why, I thought it never agreed with you."

"It doesn't. But I don't care; it's my turn to take care of the baby to-night, anyway."—"Town Topics."

Hugues Le Roux, the French author and explorer, says that he, and not Alphonse Daudet, is the author of "La



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE DRAMA



SCARCELY less objectionable than the young man who has seen the show before and kindly volunteers to keep his companion, and incidentally every person seated near him, posted on what is going to happen next, is the frequent visitor to the theater whose abnormally developed sense of humor prompts him—or quite as often, her—to laugh at the most inopportune moment. After an audience has been carried along in breathless attention by a clever piece of acting and a climax is approaching, the effect of which promises to be most thrilling, nothing can be more aggravating than to see the spell broken by the ill-timed "ha-ha" of some idiot who has evidently started out to see a Weber and Field turn, and is determined to have a laugh if he has to bust up the show to do it. To the actor himself, who finds his power to hold spellbound thus rudely broken, this sort of thing must be most exasperating, unless it be that the consolation of knowing that the audience is with him in wishing the interrupter in St. Pierre is compensation enough.

Something of this kind was noticed at the recent production of "Hamlet" at the Grand. The famous speech of Polonius to his son, not hitherto recognized as being an unrivaled laugh-producer, seemed to strike a young couple occupying orchestra chairs as about the funniest thing they "ever was to." Whether it was the cut of the "going-away" costume of Laertes or something in the make-up of Polonius, the entrance of these two was the signal for a suppressed titter from the couple referred to, which grew louder as the old man began his sage words of counsel to his son. As the speech proceeded the humor of it seemed to appeal more and more strongly to the two, until the titter was no longer suppressed. As Polonius uttered the closing words of his advice, those words which have been said to contain "the wisdom of all the centuries,"

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

the young people evidently thought they had struck the very culmination of the comic, and added a hearty "haw, haw" as their contribution to the applause which followed. Could anything be more ridiculously out of place than a laugh at this point?

With the attendance at theaters said to be on the increase, the problem of instructing the new and uninitiated "where to laugh" becomes more and more pressing, and although many suggestions have been made little has been done towards lessening this evil. The proposal to include in the printed programmes the full text of the play, with large asterisks denoting points at which it would be appropriate to laugh, has been rejected by managers in general on the ground of expense, while the suggestion to employ a sort of precursor—as in the churches of days gone by—who would occupy some conspicuous place on or near the stage and act as general director of the mirth of the audience, has been objected to by "the profession" as likely to distract attention too largely from the performers. So there ye ar'—as Mr. Dooley would say. Meanwhile, the "man with the 'ho, ho'" seldom misses a show.

The quite extensive repertoire of Mr. Robert B. Mantell, from which he is this week presenting "The Corsican Brothers," has so far failed to include a role in which Mr. Mantell himself is not highly acceptable, although, as is but natural, it has served to reveal a few minor weaknesses in his support. However, when the task of familiarizing oneself with four or five different characters is taken into account, the members of Mr. Mantell's company may be said to be of at least average ability. In "The Corsican Brothers," the dual role of the twin brothers Louis and Fabian dei Franchi is very ably assumed by Mr. Mantell. Mr. Mark Price as M. de Chateau Renault, the villain of the piece, is good, as is also Mr. W. J. Bowen as Alfred Meynard. The scenic changes showing the vision of Fabian dei Franchi in Corsica, of his brother's death in Paris, are cleverly made, and the effect produced very pleasing. The play is attracting large audiences, and is one of the strongest in Mr. Mantell's collection.

The popular taste for vaudeville seems in no way to have abated, for the attendance at Shea's this week is quite up to the average, notwithstanding the strong inducements the weather man is offering to remain outside. The bill includes some really strong features, among which might be mentioned the clever work of the illusionist, Goldin. Coming so soon after Kellar, this artist impresses one as being not far behind his more famous contemporary. Miss Balzerini is a daring trapeze performer, who plays a mandolin solo while balancing herself on a chair, and Arthur Ballerini's dogs exhibit great sagacity. Miss Bertie Fowler in monologue sketches is very clever, her portrayal of the emotions of the poor inebriate being particularly good.

The Australian correspondent of the "Dramatic Mirror" says that Wilson Barrett is in Brisbane, where he has produced "The Manxman." Thence he proceeds to South Africa. On arriving in London he will arrange for the production of an Anglo-Australian drama, "The Never-Never Land," written by himself.

Mr. Mansfield's declaration that three years hence he will retire from the stage and devote himself to playwriting has



The Duke of Argyll's Lacrosse Team. Seated in the center of the group is the Duke, formerly Marquis of Lorne.

it created much alarm, for the reason that Mr. Mansfield as several times before threatened the same catastrophe. His mind is active, and he is never at a loss to give the newspapers material for discussion; wherefore, the newspapers should be, and no doubt are, duly grateful.

Mrs. Langtry will make an American tour next season, opening at the Garrick Theater in New York in January.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will open an engagement at the Royalty Theater, London, about May 26, producing "Aunt Jennie," the comedy by E. F. Benson, that there was talk of her doing here this season. Mrs. Campbell also may appear in an adaptation by Gerald du Maurier of Dumas' "Diane de Lys." Various contradictory reports have appeared in print regarding Mrs. Patrick Campbell's plans for next season. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Campbell has not yet perfected arrangements, although she has been in treaty with several managers with a view to making another short tour of America. Her idea is to play here from September to December and then to return to London, but the terms she has asked have been such that managers have failed to embrace the opportunity, feeling that the margin for profit would not be adequate to the risks involved.

The popularity of the School of Expression at the College of Music continues unabated, judging by the large audiences that have assembled every evening for over a week to witness the graduating recitals of the various pupils. On Wednesday evening of last week Mrs. Clara Corryn of Winnipeg gave an exceptionally attractive and brilliant recital, in which she revealed talent of a very high order. The programme was varied and most exacting, but in every instance the reader met the demands with an easy grace and repose of manner which quite captivated the large audience present. Her monologue, entitled "An Afternoon Tea," fairly convulsed her hearers with its local allusions and her skillful impersonations. The heavier numbers were given with a quiet sincerity that was peculiarly effective. On Thursday evening, a recital was given by Miss Winnifred Logan and Miss Gertrude Cooper, both of London, Ont. Miss Logan evidently possesses exceptional dramatic ability, and although every number in a varied and artistic programme was given with a completeness which thoroughly delighted her listeners, her unusually powerful and expressive voice gave her heavier numbers a tragic force not often heard on the platform. Miss Cooper is also a pupil of Mr. H. N. Shaw in vocal music, and her beautiful mezzo-soprano voice has been carefully and artistically trained. Her taste, interpretative power and charming stage presence made her singing a feature of the evening. Miss Josephine McArthur of the intermediate course gave a recital on Friday evening of a programme which in its literary comprehensiveness would have taxed the skill of a reader with extended experience. Her success was pronounced, and she finished the arduous programme without betraying an element of fatigue. Her fine appearance, splendid diction and intellectual grasp made her reading of Tennyson's "Guinevere" something to be long remembered. On Monday evening Miss Lillian Campbell was the reader. She excels in lyric poetry. "The marriage of the Flowers" was the most dainty and graceful presentation, and in a scene from "The Little Minister" Miss Campbell interpreted Babbie's repartee in a most delightful manner.

Mr. Mantell will commence his fourth consecutive week at the Grand Opera House on Monday, presenting one of his popular successes, "The Dagger and the Cross," a dramatization of Joseph Halton's novel of the same name by W. A. Tremayne of Montreal. As "Roubilliac, the Italian Painter," whose wife is in love with a sculptor, Mr. Mantell is given a splendid opportunity to display his talents and in several of the exciting situations is seen at his best. As an unusually large cast is required for the proper presentation of this popular play, several new faces will be seen during the coming week. In the support will be two Torontonians, Miss Anna Gordon and Mr. Clifford Williams. The usual matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. Manager Hanley promises correct stage pictures, as he has provided everything that is necessary for a first-class presentation.

"Fiddle-Dee-Dee," direct from a successful run in Buffalo, will come to Shea's Theater next Monday. "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" is acknowledged to be the greatest success ever staged by Weber and Fields. It was put on in Buffalo at

Shea's Garden Theater last spring, and played more than two hundred and twenty consecutive performances in that house. Mr. Shea decided that it was too good a show to be placed back in storage, and he booked it in the principal cities of the United States for the entire season of 1901-1902. There are fifty people and two car loads of scenery in the show, making it one of the most expensive on the road this season. The cast is the same as produced in Buffalo all through the Pan-American season. Rice and Cady, in the characters originated by Weber and Fields, are acknowledged to equal that famous Dutch team, and many consider them even better than the originals. Bobby North, who stepped into the shoes vacated by Dave Warfield, has won for himself an enviable reputation. Mr. North is as clever a Hebrew as ever impersonated that well-known character. John G. Sparks has played more than twenty-five different Irish characters during his time on the stage. John Alden, as Hoffman Barr, the part originated by De Wolf Hopper, is a man of splendid physique and an actor of ability. Truly Shattuck as Mrs. Meadowbrook, the part made famous by Lillian Russell, is a very beautiful young woman with a voice that shows careful training. Dorothy Drew, who has the singing hit, "Rosey Posey," is a clever young woman who sings and dances equally well. Among the other well-known people in the show are the Cardowine Sisters; the Johnston Brothers, in their well-known specialty, and the Newsboys' Quartette, all of whom are well-known specialty people. Then there will be a chorus of forty voices, and all of the girls are exceptionally good dancers. There are three acts in "Fiddle-Dee-Dee."

A City Lullaby.

Sleep, my little one, sleep!
The gong on the street-car is working its best.
The truck-peddler's lungs are never at rest;
The cry of the scissors-man brings you delight,
And the shrill-shrieking news-boy is adding his mite
To the clamor—but sleep,
Don't you peep!

Hush, my little one, hush!
The patrol-wagon's coming—Zip! (Quiet, now, sweet!)
There's a neat little riot just in the next street.
That soothing new sound that adds to the roar
Is the Fire Department a-calling next door.
What a rush!
Now, you hush!

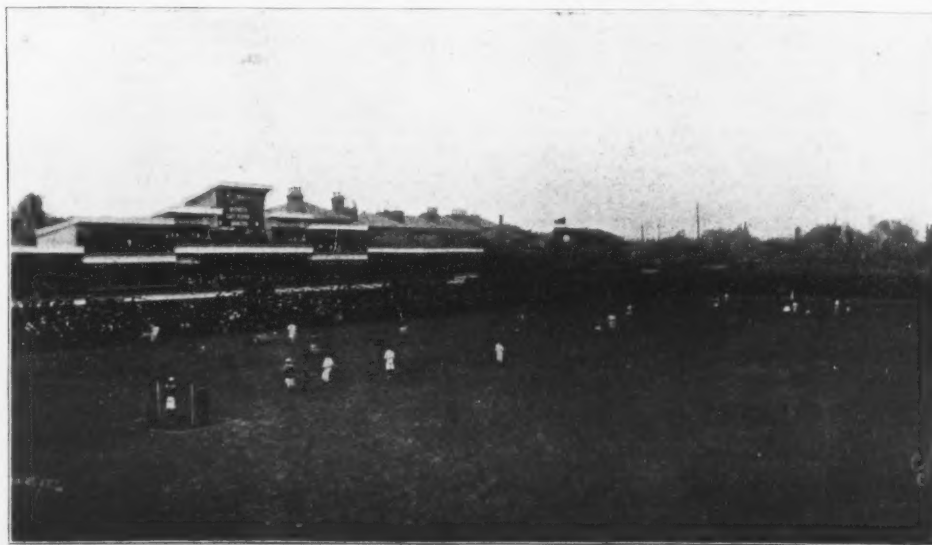
Rest, my little one, rest!
Hoot? That is only the toot
Of the automobile on the scout;
Now the chauffeur's attempting to pass
Through a beautiful window made of plate glass.
There's a crash—Well, I'm blest!
But you rest!

Dream, my pretty one, dream!
Here comes the hand-organ man for a try
At "Il Trovatore" and "The Bloom on the Rye,"
And if you are quiet perhaps he will play
Till the dinky street band comes and drives him away
With "Tannhauser"—don't scream!
Just you lie there and dream! —"Puck."

How Lord Chesterfield Succeeded.

The account which Lord Chesterfield gives of the method by which he became one of the most elegant and fascinating talkers, and one of the most accomplished orators of his day, strikingly shows what miracles may be achieved in the acquisition of these arts by care and practice, writes William Matthews, L.L.D. His personal appearance was much against him, and he had by nature none of the grace which afterwards so distinguished him; yet early in life he resolved to win distinction in the drawing-room and in the Senate; and, until he had succeeded, he neglected nothing which could conduce to success. He determined not to utter one word in conversation which was not the very fittest he could choose; and he charged his son likewise never to deliver the commonest order to a servant save in the best language he could command, and with the best utterance. For years, Chesterfield wrote down every brilliant page he met with in his reading, and translated it into French, or, if it was in a foreign language, into English. By this practice a certain elegance became habitual to him.

TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB'S TOUR.



The match, Toronto vs. Duke of Argyll's team, played at Lord's Grounds in the presence of King Edward and the Prince of Wales.

Notes From the Capital.

Smart Dresses at Prorogation.—Tea Served after the Ceremony.—Medals Presented.—The Premier's New Portrait.—Not a very Faithful Likeness.—Sir Charles Parsons Entertained at Government House.

CONSIDERING that the Countess of Minto was not here to give the initiative, there were a great many ladies on the floor of the Senate at the Prorogation of Parliament, a great many ladies and a large exhibit of smart clothes. Lady Laurier was there, wearing a beautiful gown of black satin embroidered with white silk, or applied with white, and in this embroidery or applique there were glints of gold; her hat was a flower toque—the center of pale green foliage and the border of pink roses. She carried a cluster of American Beauty roses, her favorite flower, one would say, from the frequency with which she carries them. Indeed I have never seen Lady Laurier with a bouquet of any other flower but large red roses, and when she receives on Monday afternoons one often finds her drawing-room profusely decorated with red roses. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier entered the Senate chamber arm in arm, and he conducted her to a chair in the front row on the Government side of the chamber. They made a handsome couple, not only because they are both what may be described as good-looking, but because they were both wearing very smart apparel. Sir Wilfrid was resplendent in the dark blue and gold of an Imperial Privy Councillor. Mrs. R. L. Borden, wife of the Conservative leader, wore a very pretty green voile frock at the Prorogation, and sat next to Mrs. Snowball, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, who wore black. Mrs. Fielding and Mrs. Clifford Sifton were the only two "Ministerial" ladies present, but there were several daughters of Cabinet Ministers; the Misses Borden, Fielding, Cartwright and Tarte were in this category. After the prorogation there was tea in the apartments of the Speaker and Mrs. Power. His Excellency himself coming to give eclat to the occasion. Major Maude and Captain Bell, A.D.C., were with him. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were there; Mr. Fielding, his wife and daughters; His Honor of New Brunswick and Mrs. Snowball, Sir Alphonse Pelletier and various other dignitaries, but not many ladies, for although there were a number of ladies on the "floor" they were principally residents of Ottawa, and not of the political set.

From the Speaker's everybody rushed out to the Square, where in front of the main tower a presentation of long service medals was made by His Excellency the Governor-General. The veterans—there were about a dozen of them—were drawn up in line before a table behind which stood His Excellency, and as each name was called they came up one by one, to receive the decoration. One of them, who looked to be a real veteran, came in for a good bit of cheering; otherwise there was not much excitement over this ceremony, at the end of which the Governor-General stepped into his carriage and drove away while the band played the National Anthem and the escort of Lancers clattered down Parliament Hill after his carriage.

The second session of the ninth Parliament was then a thing of the past, but the House of Commons was the scene of still another interesting ceremony, a ceremony to which the ladies who had not left when the Governor-General did, were invited. Some of them went to the galleries, but Lady Laurier, Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Sifton, and other ladies who can claim relationship with Cabinet Ministers or Members of Parliament, were admitted to the floor of the House and given Ministerial chairs in the front row. The ceremony was the presentation of the portrait to Sir Wilfrid Laurier painted by Mr. Colin Forbes. While the portrait can not truthfully be called a faithful picture of Sir Wilfrid, the artist having made him a younger and less strong-visaged man, the work is good, and as Sir Wilfrid said in his speech of thanks, in future years the picture will hang in a national gallery as a memorial of the painter and not of the original of the painting. But before that time Sir Wilfrid has promised to keep it in his own house, and the only reason for leaving it to the nation is that he has no children to hand it down to. Sir Wilfrid said very sadly that he regretted having no children to leave it to, and those who know Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier best know what a regret it is to both of them, for they both dearly love children. Lady Laurier usually has some young girl staying with her, and for pets she has three dogs, two cats and several cages of birds. If the dogs and cats ever stop to think about it, they must congratulate themselves that the Premier has no children, for their lot, as it is, is a most happy and undisturbed one.

After the presentation of the portrait there was still another festivity, a tea at Mr. Speaker Brodeur's, for, though Madame Brodeur had left for Montreal on the morning of the Prorogation, the Speaker was not going to do away with the customary hospitality of the First Comonomer, and asking Lady Laurier to do the honors, he invited the ladies and gentlemen who had witnessed the presentation to come to his rooms. By this time it was nearly five o'clock, and there was a large At Home being given by Mrs. Robert Bell, wife of Dr. Bell, superintendent of the Geological Survey. So saying good-bye to the Senators and Members, and the remaining wives and daughters, and with many pretty though not new things about hoping to see them next session, the Ottawa ladies wended their way to Mrs. Bell's tea, where, from the numbers of people, the brightness and general hilarity, one would never have believed that what was supposed to be Ottawa's season had just come to a conclusion, and a few hundred people who had been its residents for something over three months, had departed. In fact, so much of Ottawa is outside the range of the session, that the remark made to many of the women present, "You were not at the Prorogation, were you?" would elicit the questioning answer, "What prorogation?" It is only a very small proportion of Ottawa's womanhood that ever thinks of going up to the House of Commons to hear the debates, which is really a fortunate thing, for the galleries are over-crowded as it is. So Mrs. Bell's tea went on as gaily as if the session were only beginning instead of ending. It was given for Miss Margaret Bell and her guest, Miss Doris Benson of England, with whom Miss Margaret Bell sailed from New York on Wednesday for Liverpool. Miss Bell will be in London for the Coronation, and will not return to Ottawa until September, when her marriage to Mr. Walter Douglas of New York will take place.

On Friday afternoon there was a large tea at the Golf Club-house, given by the president, Mrs. S. H. Fleming. It was the first Golf tea of the season and many people thought it quite worth while to go out, so carriages, bicycles, and even automobiles were gathered on the Chelsea road about the club-house. Miss Freda Montzambert assisted Mrs. Fleming by pouring tea. An interesting match, played before tea, was a competition between a team of married ladies and a team of single ladies, in which the latter were the victors.

His Excellency the Governor-General has been giving a number of small dinners, some of them gentlemen's dinners, and one or two at which ladies have been among the guests. Such a dinner was the one given last Monday night when the guest of honor was Sir Charles Parsons, the new commandant for Halifax, who has been this week stopping at Government House. Sir Charles had his A.D.C., Captain Williams, with him, and on Wednesday they left for Winnipeg.

AMARYLLIS.

Vassarty Note.

Professor Wing—Now that we have discussed the entire feathered kingdom, I wish you young ladies would tell me which one of all these birds you consider most important to the welfare of the human race? The Class (in chorus)—"The stork."—Smart Set.

The Making of "Donaldson."

"PLEASE, sir, we want to put a piece in the paper!" Two dark-eyed boys with animated looks faced the business office door late last Saturday afternoon. They were looking for the sporting editor, but in their frame of mind were prepared to divulge news to any of the gifted writers who habituate the Adelaide street newspaper building. They were insistent, yet pleasant. They couldn't find the sporting editor, who was down looking over the string of Platers at that moment. The musical editor, they were told, was not in; the dramatic critic was at the matinee; Asterisk and Lance were indulging in a nature study at first hand, and the society editor was offered as a last resort. Would she do?

She was a woman, they learned. They had mothers, and perhaps visions of neglected morning work for the sake of the baseball game flashed across their minds. She was feminine, and would understand their boy weaknesses, and then, as a woman, how could she appreciate their game, its struggle, and the victory that they longed to tell to the world. They decided that she would not do. So the sportiest man in the office at that particular moment was detailed to write the record of what was probably as interesting and satisfactory a trial of skill and pluck as took place on that bright May day. If it lacks the perspective and atmosphere of the accomplished literary exponents of our national game, allowance must be made for the fact that a seep is being indulged in. This is an exclusive report.

The parties to the baseball victory—the attitude of the boys precluded them and their hearers from thinking of it as a mere game—the parties, I say, were the athletic aggregations known as the Western Congregationalists and the Junior Brunswicks. They are pretty evenly matched clubs of boys, ranging from eleven to thirteen years, all scurd in limb, lung and information on the game. Probably no finer specimens of boyhood stood on the diamond in all Canada that day, and as each one went to his place he realized that the eyes of the world were on him—at least the back windows of Markham street and Euclid avenue were, and that was much the same thing. Besides, a real newspaper report had been decided on, whoever won. The boys were trued up on the spacious commons near the corner of Palmerston avenue and Lennox street. The battery was lined north and south, which saved their eyes and besides gave a guarantee that glass a block away would remain intact in the houses. The boys explained that they used these rather public grounds owing to their own chartered premises not being ready, and something was also said about the cops bothering them upon the commons. Good for the cops. Live and let live. Some of them have evidently been hours since. The game lasted in the neighborhood of three hours and may be briefly described as a well and stubbornly contested issue until about the sixth innings, when the curves of the Congregationalists proved too much for the spirit of the brawny young Brunswicks, and once their nerve gone, away with it vanished their chances. Success was not far from that day. The devotees of muscular Christianity of the Congregational type were to prove victors over the sons of select Brunswick avenue. Far be it from the writer to hint at any conclusion to be deduced from such opposite forces as Piety and Pink Tea. The boys never dreamed of it. They were in for Sport, and like brothers they played. Victory and defeat were accepted as portions from the unequal hand of Fate. To the victors it came with the clarified sweetness which is reputed to have thrilled the Olympian heights, and to the vanquished all the agonies of injustice, shame and despair ever felt by Sisyphus were experienced by each of the gallant but defeated nine as they rolled back the tide of cheers by a counter blast of b-th challenge and defiance for the succeeding Saturday.

But the writer has anticipated. The youthful reporters (reporters, too,) were by name Walter Donaldson of 422 Euclid avenue and Harold Queen of 121 Borden street. Their description might have been worthy of verbatim efforts could they have remembered all the strikes, the runs, the stalling bases, the pretty side-hits, the fouls and the errors, but these little details were swallowed up in a great lump of joy which forbade the touches necessary to a faithful historian. On one point only would they enlarge, and with modest pride they announced the amplification. It was this. I give in the first phrase their exact words. It is necessary to remember that the boys were excited, that they were fully twelve years old, yet the language used proves that Toronto Public schools, with all their faults, may stimulate literary style in boys.

"A feature of the game," continued one of the boys in a subdued breath, "was Donaldson's fly catch." Here was fame, for you. I didn't know Donaldson then. I couldn't recollect ever having heard of him, but was ashamed to ask who he was. As if anyone in the West End didn't know Donaldson, once plain Walter Donaldson, but now popularly enrolled in the O.D.C.—Order of Distinguished Catchers. Henceforth Donaldson was to be a cynosure. Brown hands would compete to clasp his, and boyish bosoms thrill because his palm had given an answering touch to theirs.

"You see, it was this way," continued the boy who wasn't Walter. "Walter was in the box for our side and there was a fellow on third base and the game was just at the most interesting point. We had got two men out and the other fellows were near cryin', they were so rattled. Well, I guess Walt got a little careless or easy, too, seeing we were so far ahead, and he sent a ball just over the plate—a nice, easy one, just as if he'd given 'em one chance to make a run. Guess he didn't put any of his twirl into it either, for Fred Davis was at th' bat and he just swiped it for all he was worth. It was the only good hit that side made that day. I tell you, that ball went up in the air. Gee whizz! but it went sailin', a perfect daisy hit. All our fellows knewed that there was only one of us could catch it and that would be Walter. An' you should have seen Walt run; my, it was a swell catch. He just kept his eye on the ball as it went up and up and kept running part backward and part sideways, and part goin' ahead, too, all at the same time (you hev to do that when you're fieldin'), an' just as he got past third he saw the ball comin' hot. I can tell you, and we fellows held our breaths and just prayed he'd get it. So Walt kept running and side-stepping and looking, and just as the ball got over his head he made a big jump and put his arm 'way out and caught it with one hand!"

That was what made Walter Donaldson. I envied him the cheers as the crowd threw up their clothing and baseball rigging into the air. He was a Nelson. Lord Roberts and Kitchener rolled into one.

It would be interesting to know Donaldson's thoughts as he saw the tiny sphere rise into the morning sunshine. So much depended upon him. He was the star catcher, and was looked to in emergencies. He must do it. Off he goes towards the spot. The ball is spinning, spinning, and his brain is whirling, whirling. He remembers his mother's words to come home promptly after the game; he can see his little sister at home, who will be proud to hear he has done this great feat; he remembers his school teacher, who will put him and be proud of her boy; he remembers Mr. Pedley, the pastor, who is interested in their success; he sees the rows of boys with eager faces and hears the roar of voices, "Catch it, Walt!" "Don't miff it!" "Get on to it, Walt!" "Now's your chance!" "Home base now quick!" and through the calls and little messages which run pleading through his brain from every corner of his short life and personality there still beats the wild hope of fame in a perilous and difficult high catch. He may be in the newspapers this very night. Hurrah, Walt! he says to himself. He scarcely knows how he does it, but his little hand caught that ball and hung to it as a treasure. A wild volcanic roar burst from the crowd and the game was over. Walter was a hero. No longer Walter, but just plain, simple Donaldson, the boy who made the famous high catch on the Palmerston avenue commons. I tell you it

TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB'S TOUR.



Baconsfield's statue, decorated with primroses on Primrose Day. Westminster Abbey and Houses of Parliament in the background.

makes one's blood tingle to just think the game through, doesn't it?

Further details are these: The battery for the Brunswicks was Dan McBain and Fred Davis; for the Congregationalists Walter Donaldson and Harold Queen. The score was 30 to 11. The batting order is omitted for lack of space.

THE CASHIER.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

New version, respectfully dedicated to President Roosevelt and his partisans.

O, say, have you seen in official reports—

What so long was denied by officialdom's rosters—

That to "water-cure" methods the army resorts,

With savages base for exemplars and tutors?

And that rack and syringe lend a barbarous tinge

To a war that gives civilization a twinge:

And the Star-spangled Banner continues to wave

(At home) o'er the "free—from all shame—and the

"brave!"

Have you heard how a scallawag—Funston by name—

Played the spy and the forger to take Aguinaldo?

And how, 'stead of hanging, he got a great fame,

And for this "brave" deed to promotion was called. O!

And how Smith gave command that all souls in the land

Over ten years of age should be slain out of hand.

That the Star-spangled Banner o'er ruins might wave,

As the flag of the "free—from compunction—and

"brave!"

And O can you think what a horrible thing

It is to the "brave" who thus treat Filipinos,

That Britain Boer women and children should bring

To be cared for in camps—'tis most shocking and heinous!

And to promise the Boers to drive Spain from their shores,

And then turn and say, "Now the country is ours!"

O, the Star-spangled Banner, it never could wave

O'er such doings as that—it's the flag of the "brave!"

J. W. BENGOUGH.

Mirza's Vision on 'Change.

HAVING spent the Sabbath in religious meditation, on Monday morning I washed myself with Pears' soap, and being a clean "lamb," ascended to the Stock Exchange gallery, where I fell into a "Chinese dream" on the vanity of human life and "scarlet runners."

"Surely," said I, "stocks are but a gamble and profits a phantom."

Whilst I was thus musing, I cast me "lambs" towards the summit of a high desk and beheld the High Mogul, or Exchange secretary, climb to his seat of might. Seeing me, he set in motion a "ticker." The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and altogether different from any music I had ever heard before becoming an innocent spring "lamb."

As Twin City and C.P.R. began to rise, my heart melted away in secret raptures and soliloquies. Then Genus, the secretary, beckoned me to approach. Obeying, I fell down at his feet and wpt, thinking he was about to put me in on a "good thing."

"Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said I, "a huge arena with bulls and bears fighting with mad tenacity within it."

"That is the Vale of Misery, where scarlet runner chasers are cleaned out; not even the wintry wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. Then, too, thou seest a ticker that measureth off the day. It starteth with the brokers' daily struggle, it recordeth their deeds, both good and bad, and ceaseth at three."

"What is that bridge I see in the mist?" asked I of

Genus.

"The bridge thou seest," said he, "is where the lambs,

born every minute, do congregate."

"I see multitudes of people passing over this bridge of

speculation in the eager pursuit of bubbles."

As I looked more attentively I saw several "bubble-

chasers" dropping through the bridge into the tide that

flowed underneath it; and on further examination, per-

ceived there were innumerable trap-doors, labelled "Tips

on C.P.R.," "Tips on Lake Superior," "Tips on sure

things," that lay concealed in the bridge, which the "lambs"

sooner or later, when chased by the "bears," than they

fell through and disappeared.

"Tortured in life and swallowed up in financial death,"

said Genus with compassion, seeing my eyes standing full

of tears. "This is the result of coal strikes, tight money,

washed sales, m'king, and moral tips to young men by

H nry Clows that infest the market."

Then the good Genus, seeing I was filled with a deep

melancholy, directed my Quiller-like optics to the "pit"

again. Through the mist this time I beheld brokers clad

in gaudy habits passing to and fro among trees or lying

down on beds of flowers or lamb's wool. A confused har-

mony of singing birds, tickers, human voices, iced drinks

and music greeted my ears. I gazed with inexpressible

pleasure on the innocent scene and gladness grew within

me. I cried out for the wings of a seraph that I might

join the celestial throng.

"There is no passage to such happiness," said the noble

Genus, "except thou canst up twenty thousand bucks and

become a broker thyself."

I turned to thank my benefactor for the tip. He had

vanished. The ticker had run down and I was alone.

GOADBY.

A Mid-May Afternoon.

MAY mornings and evenings are cool, but May after-

noons, if the clouds do not balk the good intentions

of the sun, are summer-like in their warmth. Up

among the hills the violets are calling you to enjoy with

them the new life in the woods. They will do their best

under new and trying conditions should you remove them to

your kitchen garden. But they prefer to live with their

mates, to have the sunlight softened and the wind tempered

by the trees. "Come and see us in our home," they cry.

What matters it that you cannot name the flowers or sepa-

rate the birds into classes?—it is enough that you are a lover

of nature, and can hear the violets call. The city is bathed

in dust and dimmed by smoke. The woods, however, are

clean and bright. Towering tree and quick-growing sap-

ling alike let the sunlight flood through their leafless

branches to the comrades at their feet. Soon the flowers

will find the steady sunlight too glaring, and the trees will

send forth innumerable protectors among which the winds

will stray and gently lose themselves. But to-day the

earth courts the sun's brightest rays, making them into

the restful green of grass and leaf or the delicate coloring

of the flower. Grass and shrub and flower colony rejoicing

in warmth, and overhead, budding tree and straying cloud;

how much there is to see! How many sounds beat pleas-

antly upon the ear—the stream at your feet, warm to the

hand, restful to the eye; the wind with sweet messages for

the tolerant spirit, and the resting, flitting, singing birds

almost mad with joy! And, with these, the pure breath of

the wood perfumed by tree and flower; the peace, the in-

spiration and the longing to be kept in touch with it all.

W. A. CLARKE.

The Undisputed Points.

Attorney for the Defence—You are a blackguard and a bluff, sir! Attorney for the Prosecution—And you, sir, are a shyster and a rogue! The Court—Come, come, gentlemen. Let us get down to the disputed points of this case.

Smart Set.



WHO GETS THE CALL?

Constance De Corduroy.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

Chapter XCII.

CONSTANCE found the old man seated before the fire in the little cabin she had come to love so well. For a moment she hesitatingly paused upon the threshold, thinking she heard sounds of conversation. But, save for the blind retriever at his feet, he was alone, solitary, unattended. Constance recalled that when it was too cold to work outdoors it was Uncle Ober's habit to thus sit beside his hearth with the old dog, splitting infinitives.

"I have come to warn you that this retreat is no longer safe," she whispered, bending over him; "I hope you are not offended."

"If anybody was to tell me my boots was burnin', I ain't too big a fool to take 'em off the stove," he enigmatically answered.

Constance laughed her low, soft, whinnying laugh. "Burgoyne has crossed the Nepperhan," she said, "and I am pretty sure—"

"In guessin' what the other feller's goin' to do," retorted Uncle Ober, "there's only one thing you can be pretty sure of, and that is that you're guessin' wrong."

For a moment she was silent, speechless, dumb. "Oh!" she ventured, fixing him. He caught her meaning.

"A man who's too smart to need any outside help is like a steam whistle that thinks it can go off and toot alone without the biler," he flung back at her consolingly.

Constance shrivelled. "You mean—" she hesitated, wincing.

"It ain't fair to say gals don't think of nothin' but their good looks," he mused, regarding her; "if they did, they wouldn't spile 'em so by gettin' mad."

"But

"Some fellers thinks the things they don't know how to do hadn't ought to be done."

"Now

"If actin' square didn't do no more than make your vittles taste better, it w-uld be wuth all the trouble."

"And

"What ar' yer hollerin' about? I ain't hurt, as the feller's ear sed to his funnybone."

"Ah

"W-ouldn't it jar you to find out folks don't think no more of you than you do of them?"

"I

"There's one good thing about a rotten apple—you don't have to eat it."

"Oh

"It's a waste of time tryin' to please a feller who can't please himself."

Constance rose, pale, agitated, trembling.

"Uncle Ober," she gaspingly ejaculated, "where did you acquire all the wisdom you express so quaintly?"

The old man reached a trembling hand toward the shelf and pointed to a tattered volume.

"That there book is the 'Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,'" he faintly chuckled. "All I've got to do is to reel him off in my own inimitable way. If a feller wasn't allowed to say nothin' that's been sed before, there wouldn't be much use for spellin' books."

Constance was aw-struck, captivated, bewitched.—Herman Knickerbocker Viele in "Bookman."

The Man Who Did.

A CERTAIN man, having been married a year, and becoming convinced, after reading a book on the subject, that he could improve on his present domestic happiness, started out to fill the following programme:

The first month he said to his wife:

"My dear, you are overworked; let me take the burden off your shoulders. Hereafter I will engage all the servants."

And he did so.

The second month he came again and said:

"Now let me run the household. I will even neglect my business to smooth the way for you. I'll confer with the butcher and the baker and the grocer man. You can amuse yourself reading the latest fiction."

And this was done.

Again, in the third month he said:

"Now, my dear, let me learn to take care of the baby, while you play golf." And his wife, after much coaxing, allowed him to do this also.

Thus matters went on for twelve months, the husband gradually relieving his wife of all unpleasant matters. At the end of this period his self-denial and acute discernment began to be apparent, for, having her time all to herself, she wrote a popular book that sold a half a million copies, and enabled them to live in ease and comfort all the rest of their lives.

Moral: It sometimes pays to do the wrong thing.—Tom Masson in "Life."

A Lesson for Toronto.

The energetic self-confidence of the race that Mr. Kipling says is not afraid "to shake the iron hand of Fate or match with Destiny" is well caricatured in the old story of the citizen of a Western town. When a stranger said that the town had no culture, the citizen replied heartily: "No, we ain't got no culture, but when we get some we'll make her hum."

The latest story of the Anglo-Saxon's belief in his own efforts is the reply of former Mayor Hewitt of New York, reported in the New York "Times." "To what do you ascribe New York's greatness?" he was asked. "To push," was the answer. "I suppose the city has been greatly favored." "In having men of grit," replied the ex-mayor, "and in attracting others of the same sort." "I mean the natural advantages of New York have had much to do with her progress," "Nature," was the reply, "would make the grass grow in the streets if we let it!" There is a lesson for Toronto here.

Mrs. Carter and the White Horse.

It is said that Mrs. Leslie Carter, during a rehearsal of "Du Barry" in Baltimore, objected to the presence of a white horse to take the part of the animal who is brought on to draw the unfortunate heroine's tumble through the streets of Paris to the guillotine. She was told that the horse was a "bully old nag" and "just the thing" wanted.

"I can't help it," replied the actress. "This scene is the most crucial point of the play. I can't afford to take any chances. I have no objections to the horse personally, but he's white, and in a tragic scene like this I can't afford to give any fool out in the front a chance to make a joke out of the red-headed girl and the white horse." It need hardly be said that the "red-headed girl" referred to was Mrs. Carter herself.

Unfortunately Expressed.

A casual reader of some country newspapers is often led to wonder whether the sentiments attributed to the townspeople by the editor of local news are the result of his observation or of his careless writing. One well-meaning community was thus characterized in a recent news sheet:

"The neighbors and acquaintances of Asa Bennett of his town will be sorry to hear that while working on his new shed roof last Thursday he missed his footing, slipped the width of the roof and down into the yard, breaking two ribs and dislocating his hip, yet not sustaining any injuries which would point to the possibility of a fatal result."

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The West Shore Railroad will run
a popular excursion to Boston on Fri-
day, May 23, by regular trains, the
fare from Suspension Bridge or Buf-
falo only ten dollars (\$10) for the round
trip, tickets good for return up to and
including Monday, June 2.

See West Shore ticket agents for
further information.

Anecdotal.

At the finish of a discussion with
Toistol on the ethics of finance, his op-
ponent sought to excuse certain meth-
ods of commerce and trade with the
familiar argument: "That's business."
"Business?" mused the philosopher.
"Oh, yes; I know what business means
—somebody else's money."

The Kaiser has a habit of pulling his
ear when he is in a study. One of the
royal nephews asked him why he did it.
"Because I am annoyed," replied the
Kaiser. "And when you are very
very much annoyed, what do you do?"
persisted the nephew. "Then I pull
somebody else's," said His Majesty.

Mark Twain, in his latest story, tells
of a group of miners who were discus-
sing Sherlock Holmes and his majestic
methods. After each in turn had paid
his tribute of respect, Ferguson, "with
a deep awe in his voice," ventured: "I
wonder if God made him." There was
no response for a moment, then Ham
Sandwich said reverently: "Not all at
once, I reckon."

Mr. Carnegie once listened to a col-
ored preacher's sermon in a little vil-
lage church in Georgia, and was so
much affected by the appeal for funds
that he dropped a fifty dollar green-
back in the collecting box. Standing
in the pulpit the preacher counted up
the offerings; then, clearing his throat,
he said: "Brethren, we have been great-
ly blessed by dish yer contribution. We
has heah fo' dollahs an' fo'ty cents;
an' if' the looked suspiciously at the
donor of libraries, "an' if' de fifty dol-
lar bill put in by de white gemman
with de gray whiskahs runs out to be
a good one, we is blessed a whole lot
moah."

One of the humorous incidents of the
political campaign now drawing to a
close is the joke perpetrated by a
Western Ontario candidate who is op-
posing the sitting member. He has dis-
tributed thousands of copies of a
pamphlet bearing the title, "Speeches
by Mr. ——— in the Legislature of 1898-
1902." As a rule, budding statesmen's
speeches are used against them by their
opponents, but in the present instance
the member for North ——— never once
opened his mouth, unless it was in
committee, during the whole Legisla-
ture. His parliamentary eloquence is
therefore represented by half a dozen
pages of blank white paper.

A political orator addressed a club
of Italian voters in English, and to his
surprise and satisfaction, his listeners
paid strict attention and applauded at
the proper places, shouting: "Viva!"
and "Bravo!" repeatedly. At the con-
clusion of his speech (says the New
York "Times"), the orator took his seat
beside the chairman. He whispered
that he was delighted with his recep-
tion, and had never spoken to a more
intelligent audience. "Ha-ah!" replied
the chairman: "me fix all-a dat. Me
hol' up one-a finger, evra man say-a
"Hurrah!" Me hol' up two-a finger,
evra man say-a "Viva!" Me hol' up
three-a finger, evra man say "Bravo!"
Me hol' up whole-a hand, evra man
say-a "Hi-yi!" like one great yell. Me
fix all-a dat."

His Majesty Edward VII. is credited
with the saying that it is vastly easier
to live up to the obligations of a play

king than to those of a real one; and
the same thought, with a slightly dif-
ferent turn, was once expressed by
President Lincoln. In 1862, says a writer
in the Kansas City "Journal," Col-
onel Alexander of Topeka, who was an
intimate friend of the President, vis-
ited him at Washington, and found him in
a greatly depressed state of mind.
"This being President isn't all it is
cracked up to be, is it, Mr. Lincoln?"
enquired Colonel Alexander. "No," said
Lincoln, his eyes twinkling momen-
tarily. "I feel sometimes like the Irish-
man, who, after being ridden on a rail,
said, 'Begorry, if it wasn't for the hon-
or av th' thing, I'd rather walk!'"

Sermons are commonly supposed to
be medicinal to the mind of both com-
pounder and congregation, but the New
York "Tribune" tells the story of one
which, if the minister's servant was
right, was an exception: One Sunday
morning the late Rev. Dr. Dueschett of
Connecticut arose feeling decidedly ill.
After a futile attempt to eat breakfast,
he called an old and favorite colored
servant to him and said: "Sam, go
around and tell Simmons"—the sexton
—"to post a notice on the church door
that I am too ill to preach to-day."
"Now, massa," said Samuel, "don't you
gib up dat way. Just gib him a trial;
you get 'long all right." The argument
resulted in the minister's determina-
tion to try it. He preached as usual,
and after service returned to the house,
looking much brighter. "How you feel,
massa?" said Samuel, as he opened the
door. "Better, much better, Sam. I'm
glad I took your advice." "I knew it!"
I knew it!" said Samuel, grinning from
ear to ear. "I knew you feel better
when you git dat sermon out o' your
system!"

Lever's Y. Z. (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap
Powder dusted in the bath softens the
water at the same time that it disinfects.

Tales of Tommies.

The First Baby. The Queen's Own Day.

I HEARD a funny little yarn from
South Africa the other day. Two
Tommies were yawning on the
blockhouse line, which they had
been guarding for many stupid
and wearisome months. Said Tommy
No. 1: "I say, Bill, do you see any
chance of us gettin' 'ome in time for
the coronation?" Bill regarded his
questioner with mild surprise. "Do I
see wot?" "I arks, do you see any
chance of us gettin' 'ome in time for
the coronation?" Bill's tone was of
concentrated bitterness and disgust:
"We'll be bloomin' lucky if we gets
'ome in time for the Resurrection!"
was his ultimatum, delivered in great
seriousness, for Tommy is often deli-
ciously funny, without intent.

A very old Tommy of eighty was lis-
tening to the sermon on Sunday, when
Sons of England, old and young, near-
ly centenarian or wearing their first
fainties," gathered in religious ser-
vice. This very old Tommy can hear
and see and feel to the quick his pos-
sibilities of filling some day a pauper's
grave, so when the parson remarked
that no old Tommy should be so in-
terfered if he'd only let the parson know
of his impecuniosity, this very old one
remarked: "Ow soon do you think I'd
begin to shell out if I touched 'im
along this week? I'd like to be sure!"

The other day the G.O.C. from Ot-
tawa reviewed the Dragoons on the
Garrison Commons. The G.O.C., who
has the jolliest and heartiest Irish
laugh you ever heard, came upon the
parade ground when the mounted men
were lined up facing him, and he was
talking and laughing with his officers.
There was one gray horse in the line,
and as the general's jolly voice reached
him he stood alert and pricked his
ears, the image of tense observation.
Horses champed and tossed their heads,
but the gray stood like stone, his old
nose pointed and his ears cocked, and
was so evidently thinking something
that it was no surprise when the gen-
eral asked: "Isn't that the gray I had
for some months?" Of course it was,
and the good beast was telling him so,
with all the horse-talk of rigid "At-
tention," which in one second turned
him into an image of stone when he
caught the first sound of his general's
voice.

Of all the summer day outings which
appeal to me I fancy the pleasantest is
the early morning ride into the country
for breakfast. It is new, and that is a
good thing, and one's breakfast in the
summer doesn't always seem the most
enjoyable thing, taken under ordinary
circumstances. But how delightful,
after a refreshing sponge, to dress
and hop upon one's wheel and
ride a few miles—not more than a
very few now—for our suburban
restaurants are simply delightful—
and there find breakfast waiting (for
one telephone before starting), and
such breakfast! Fish that scarcely
knows it's caught till you're eating it,
cooked to perfection, fresh, cool let-
tuce, and rich, red strawberries with
plenty of cream, delicious, fresh butter,
and light bread, and the good air
sweeping off magnificent Lake Ontario.
I foresee that fish breakfasts such as
I am telling of will add joy to the days
of the city dwellers who are sick and
tired of eggs and bacon and the smoke-
laden air of the down-town restaurants,
or the stupid monotony of the
family breakfast-table. It's a new
thing this year, and of course specially
appeals to the cyclist and his elder
brother, the auto-friend.

To-day there are many, especially
the elder persons, who will feel that
Victoria Day isn't as it was, now that
it is a memorial holiday, and we re-
alize with something of a shock what
a frail thing is life, and how one's
memory throws aside the dead for the
living. The good little lady whose life
shines like a beacon on that straight
(and narrow) way over which her
small feet traveled so bravely to the
end, is out of it, so far, so long! Her
son wakes a stronger shout, a more
virile homage not unmingled with a
gentle consideration for the sweetest of
women who shares his throne. There
could be no closer tie between a mon-
arch and a people than bound Victoria
to her subjects, but now there is a
more vibrant and invigorating ring in
the cheers that greet a man upon the
throne. Edward VII. is not sentimen-

tal nor morbid, and so long as his
health is good there is no gloom likely
to cloud the court. Even his lovely
queen, whose prognosticate of un-
demise sometimes gives me a tiny jar,
is bright and sweet and beloved more
than ever. On this day, when we grew
up singing "God Save the Queen," the
living queen will be in many thoughts
even while they recall a lifetime of loyal
well-wishing to the wonderful little
woman who is away, whose very own
day this is, and who we feel reason-
ably satisfied is resting from a strenu-
ous and anxious life, and who knows?
receiving her birthday greeting from
the long lost and adored husband of
her youth. This may be frightfully un-
orthodox, but, as I said, "Who knows?"
and so I am going to think of them to-
gether this 24th of May.

Sunday is the day one realizes what a
snap the first baby has. All over the
place are little family parties of three
—father, mother and the first baby.
Don't tell me there may be others at
home. The father's look at that baby
assures me that he is glorying in a
progeny for the first time. He is so
careful over its wraps, so gleeful over
its smiles, so rapturous when it deigns
to remark "Agoo!" at nothing at all.
The mother lets him carry it, with a
watchful eye upon its little red face, a
tentative clutch on its long skirts and
a dutiful smile to the quick challenge
of the father when the infant shows
the least flicker of interest. If the baby
is of an age to make remarks and de-
mand privileges, it is encouraged and
egged to linguistic efforts which are a
stumbling-block to unbelievers. The
father does this while the mother
smiles approval. The first baby is the
autocrat of the table and the sub-
director of the day's festivities. But
glance for a moment at this approach-
ing carriage, where father drives the
delivery horse and mother and four
youngsters are stowed in the light
wagon. The youngest of the four is
much prettier than any of those first
babies which are being toddled to and
spoiled in the vicinity. He is indeed a
remarkably handsome and bright baby,
but he isn't the first. Consequently,
when he pipes out a complaint the
father doesn't cuddle him and soothe
him, but snarls back in an awful tone.
"If you make another cheep, I'll throw
you out," and the threat has a face to
match. Mother shyly caresses the
scared baby; her heart is just as soft
for the last as for the first. You may say
this man was probably a brute even to
the first one. Ah, no; that promis-
ing youth stands at the moment be-
tween paternal knees, learning to han-
dle the ribbons over the delivery horse,
and father smiles proudly and foolishly
at the passers-by, as the little lad
clucks and essays a mild touch of the
whip. The first baby has a decided
clinch with its father, and can keep it
up till all things fade, if it only has
good sense.

"We have had no complaints," is a
favorite formula of dilatory or lack-
ing tradesmen to a protesting patron.
Don't let it silence you. Make a com-
plaint so strong and deep that they
will at least choke a bit upon the false
retort the next time. The making of
complaints is a positive duty, and
though it should be done only to ob-
tain better service and attention, and
is often ungraciously received, the rea-
sonable kisser is a friend of the pub-
lic. The other day I heard an official
of a big affair say in answer to a lady
who asked a question relative to time:
"It won't be any the quicker for your
worry," and he said it in a most of-
fensive tone. "Won't you report that
man?" asked a fellow-passenger. The
lady was angry, but said after a mo-
ment: "Oh, no; he may lose his place
and have someone depending on him."
"I'd hate to be the someone," laughed
the other, and the impudent man es-
caped their report. I fancy the irascible
and unreasonable type of man who is
always reporting and complaining has

deterred many of us from really doing
our duty in this respect.

LADY GAY.

Up to Snuff.

(Since King Edward set the fashion,
snuffing is again becoming common.)
"Baw Jove! Deah boy, I'm deuced glad
to see you, don't—(ah-choo!)
I just was thinking, doncherknow
(Ah-choo, ah-choo!) of you."

"It seems an age since lawst we met;
Now, tell me, what is new?
My gold? Ha! ha! Good joke, you know;
But weally it's—(ah-choo!)."

"It cannot be you haven't heard
The King now takes—(ah-choo!)
A chew? No, no, you're chawfing
now—
You'll stop? All wight—please do."

"I say, old fel, now won't you have
A pinch of—(choo, ah-choo!)
You won't? You're in a huiwy? Well,
Ta-ta—(ah-choo!) Adoo!"
—Town Topics."

The Ornithologist and the Ich-
thyologist.

AN ORNITHOLOGIST invited an
Ichthyologist to walk in the
woods with him, and the orni-
thologist said: "I suppose you know
that the crow—"
"I know nothing about birds."
"But surely you have heard that the
cuckoo—"
"I do not know a hawk from a hand-
saw, I am sorry to say."
"Yes, but you surely have heard so
common a thing as the fact that the
swallow never—"
"My friend, I know less than nothing
about birds."
They finished their walk, and the
ornithologist went home and said to his
wife:
"The man with whom I walked to-
day in the woods is woefully ignorant.
How can a man go through life with
so little knowledge of the things about
him?"

The next day the Ichthyologist in-
vited the ornithologist to walk along
the sea-cliffs with him, and the orni-
thologist said: "Of course you know
that the blue fish of these waters—"
"I know nothing about fish."
"But surely you have heard that the
swordfish—"
"I would not know a cod from a kid,
I am sorry to say."
"Yes, but you surely have heard so
common a thing as the fact that a
porpoise never—"
"My friend, I know less than nothing
about fish."

At this point the Ichthyologist was
so impressed by his friend's ignorance
of common things that he did not mind
his steps and fell off the cliffs into the
sea, and not knowing how to swim he
called to his friend for help.
"Alas, I do not know how to swim,"
said the ornithologist.
"More of his ignorance," said the
Ichthyologist as he went down for the
second time.

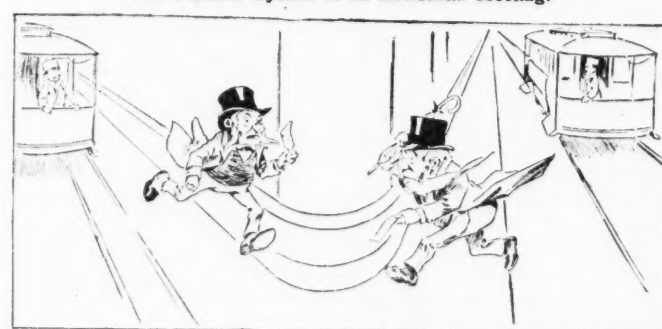
But the dolt had been watching,
open-eyed, and he plunged into the sea,
and swimming out to the Ichthyologist
he saved him.

Moral—Each one of us has his
special brand of ignorance.—Charles
Battell Loomis, in "Saturday Evening
Post."

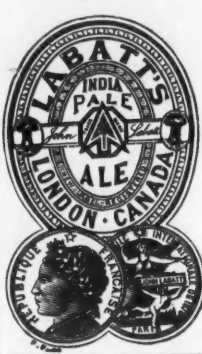
England's Royal Guests.

It is expected that more royal per-
sonages will be in London at the co-
ronation than England has ever before
seen together. When Victoria was
crowned not a European court sent

The Transfer System or an Accidental Meeting.



"I beg your pardon."
"Pray don't mention it."

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
BUFFALO

GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED
LABATT'S
ALE and PORTER
SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

a representative with rank higher
than ambassador extraordinary; but
in the years between that occasion
and her Jubilee the Queen fortified
England against another such slight
by becoming grandmother to most of
the ruling monarchs of Europe. The
accommodation of so much royalty is
giving the Royal host some anxious
moments. London has no such assort-
ment of colossal royal palaces as most
of the great European capitals. Marl-
borough House and Buckingham Pa-
lace will not lodge comfortably any
save the privileged close relations of
the King and Queen. It is said that
a large hotel near Buckingham Palace
has been taken for the King's guests,
and that several noblemen have placed
their London houses at King Ed-
ward's disposal. After the coronation
week many of the royal guests will
visit Windsor and Sandringham, and
certain of the great country homes of
England; so mighty preparations for
elaborate entertaining are being made
throughout the length and breadth of
the land, as well as in London, and
the amount of money that will be hos-
pitably spent during the season is be-
yond ordinary calculation.

Bees in War!

We do not know that bees have ever
been recognized as among the acces-
sories of war, but there is an old army
story current in the Southern States
of a party who were out scouting or
foraging, probably both, one morning,
and saw a much larger party of the
enemy's cavalry riding down on them.
It was useless to retreat across an open
plain, for the horses could go faster
than they, while to surrender meant
a fate but little better or perhaps a
little worse than death. They gathered
behind a wall or embankment, resolved
to sell their lives as dearly as possible,
when one of their number spied a stand
of beehives a little way behind them.
Quickly he communicated his idea to
his comrades, and enough ran back to
each to seize a hive and throw it over
the wall in front of them. Very quick-
ly those bees were at work as busily as
if they had been sworn into the service,
and while the riders might have faced
them, the horses would not, but were
soon in full retreat a half mile away.
Some of the boys got stung in trying
to send missiles more powerful than
bee stings after the enemy, but they all
reached camp again soon without need-
ing the surgeon's care.

"Snaggs is posing as a wealthy
man," said Munn to Scadds. "Oh,
pshaw! Why, that upstart hasn't got

A Thousand Thanks.

Jean Boivue is Very Hearty in His Ex-
pressions of Gratitude.

In Grateful Sentences He Pours Out His
Praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills, the
Remedy Which Has Done so Much For
Him.

St. Elzeur, Que., May 19.—(Special.)
—It is a well-known characteristic of
our French-Canadian people that they
are fearless and enthusiastic in their
praise of anything or anybody that has
benefitted them.

No one is more capable of gracefully
expressing gratitude than the average
French gentleman.

A recent case illustrates this point.
Mons. Jean Boivue has for many
years been afflicted with a terrible
malady of the Kidneys.

He suffered a very great deal of
pain, and his disease forced him to rise
every hour during the night.

He was advised to use Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills, and after taking a short
treatment, found himself completely
cured.

His gratitude knew no bounds, and
ever since he has recommended to all
his friends the wonderful remedy which
cured him so promptly and completely.

When he finds anyone who has no
confidence in them, his first act is to
give them some Pills, and explain to
them how to use them, and he has
found this method very soon convinces
the most skeptical of the truth of the
statement he makes that Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills are the greatest medicine in
the world.

Mons. Boivue says:
"Dodd's Kidney Pills are good."
"I know this because while at one
time I suffered very severely from Kid-
ney Disease, now I am well."

"Not long ago I used to have to get
up several times during the night, now
I can sleep well all night without ris-
ing."

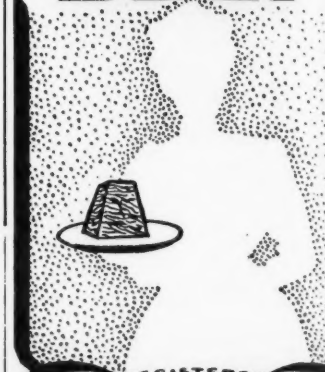
"You can believe me, I am glad to
have regained my health, and I say
thanks a thousand times to Dodd's
Kidney Pills."

No
Wrinkles

If you want a
complexion as
soft and smooth
as satin, a skin
so clear it will
attract atten-
tion wherever
you go, try our
unrivalled

FACE MASSAGE TREATMENT.
Nothing like it to purify the skin, free the
pores from dust, decayed tissues and other
impurities, giving the skin the true glow of
health and youth, having it smooth, firm
and white. Terms reasonable. Free ad-
vice. Call or write. Confidential.

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Madame Cunningham, Manageress.
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BEEF

Ready Lunch Beef
is different from other canned beef
—and much better. Retains the
flavor nutrition of Prime Beef.
WM. CLARK MFR. MONTREAL.
Have you ever tried CLARK'S deli-
cious PORK and BEANS?

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Saline Spings

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Gout,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Nervousness,
Liver Complications, Etc.

Special attention given to Diet and Mas-
sage.
Physicians are solicited to correspond
with Dr. McCoy, physician in charge.
Skilled attendants in Baths. Steam heat
in each room. Elevator. Porcelain
baths. Toilet-rooms on each floor.
One and one-half hours ride from Toronto
without change.
Apply to—

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and a happy family de-
pends a little upon the
Salt. Salt that cakes is
the bane of existence.
Windsor Salt does not
cake.

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Salt**
Leading Grocers sell it.

THE
DOMINION BREWERY CO.

LIMITED
BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of
the Celebrated

**WHITE LABEL
JUBILEE and
INDIA PALE...ALES**

The above brands are the genuine extract of
Malt and Hops.



In the Heart of a Thunder-Storm.

The Thrilling Experience of an Aeronaut.
BY REV. J. M. BACON, F.R.A.S.

IN the summer of the year before last a thunderstorm of exceptional severity developed rapidly over London. About noon the sky darkened, and with short warning the gathering clouds burst upon the city, over which for three and a half hours they kept up an aerial cannonade with little intermission and with the utmost fury. The lightning was incessant, the thunder deafening, and in less than four hours a month's average of rain had fallen. Then the storm ceased, passing nowhere. Apparently, too, it had come from nowhere, springing into existence above the area of London proper, it spent itself over the city, and there expired.

This was a phenomenal but perfectly typical summer thunderstorm. What are technically known as secondary cyclones, or small areas of low pressure, may form at any time or place on the outskirts of larger depressions, and whenever among the endless eddying of currents overhead such spring into existence, then, if it be in summer months, it is a sure consequence that electric disturbance will ensue.

Unfortunately, as may be inferred, we are at present unable to predict with any certainty where a "secondary" may develop, or over what portion of its area the thunderstorm may burst; and it may certainly be added that we cannot predict where it will die out. Nevertheless, thunderstorms have their special haunts; and it is possible to know something of their mode of action.

It will facilitate the descriptions which follow if we point out some of the essential conditions of a summer storm. In the outset these unquestionably entail great changes in temperature—a fact which it will be easy enough to credit. Everyone can recall how, when the storm is brewing, the air about us is warm and close. Then a loose cloud curtain commonly gathers on the ground, while above it towers the heavy black cumulus cloud, appearing almost solid, with its compact masses and clean-cut outline. This is the true thunder pack, invariably associated with the lightning, and its very configuration from broad outspread base and white masses heaped above, bespeaks the presence of a cold upper air stratum which has condensed it, and on which it rests.

But perhaps its most remarkable characteristic is its motion, which is almost constantly opposed to the set of the weather-vane on the ground. Thus the cloud appears as coming up against the wind; and this is not all, for higher yet, much higher, there is generally to be seen a broad stretch of upper cloud, and somewhere in those upper regions the hailstones form and fall. A little later, as we need not be reminded, the down-rush of the storm brings to earth some of the chill of those upper levels.

I will now only ask that two or three very well-known facts relating to electricity be borne in mind. If a moist substance be electrified and then made warm its electric charge rapidly passes away with steam. And again, if water that has been electrified is allowed to escape drop by drop, then the charge leaks away with each drop. Further, any body which has a charge of electricity contains that charge only on the surface.

Enough. Now, it being conceded that the earth is the great storehouse of electricity, it is easy to conceive how in moist summer weather, when steam is invisibly rising off the ground, electricity may be passing copiously into the atmosphere, where it will for a while reside on the surface of the minute drops of water that now begin to take the form of clouds. If, however, those clouds continue condensing towards rain the minute drops soon coalesce into larger, and in consequence the electricity, still confined to the surface, becomes more cramped for room. Presently, then, this process continuing, the electricity in the clouds can no longer be contained within it, and breaks away as lightning. The crash of the thunder follows, causing violent concussion of the air, and augmenting the discharge of raindrops which thus are soon falling in a deluge.

So far, then, we have traced in outline the circumstances attending the bursting of the thunderstorm, which in a general way happily we regard only from the standpoint of lower earth, far enough removed from the horrors of the storm center itself. Occasionally, however, an adventurer has climbed into the actual path of the thunder-pack, and, escaping with his life, has been able to record his experiences.

In the Andes of the great Equator Mr. Whymper once found himself suddenly in the midst of a tropical thunderstorm that gathered and broke around him on a lofty peak. He and his guides were sixteen thousand feet up, with a clear sky above them, when, as he puts it, "Heaven knows where it came from, a hailstorm sent up flying

for protection to the cliffs." There they were assailed with grape and shrapnel, in the form of half-inch stones, that wounded their faces and broke off fragments from the rocks around. Twice they left their refuge, and twice were beaten back.

Then followed a lull, and when the storm recommenced the hail had given place to lightning, which, beginning with occasional flashes, soon "blazed away without intermission, several flashes often occurring in a single instant," the ice axes of the party hissing ominously the while. So much for the lightning, but of thunder Mr. Whymper states that each flash was followed simply by a single bang, which, he adds, "is all one hears when close to the point of discharge."

Compare with the above an account (taken from the "Times") of a mountain storm in temperate latitudes. This time the observer was not Mr. Whymper himself, but the scene is that particular ground which will always be associated with his name—the Matterhorn. A lady and gentleman and two guides were on the summit, and once again the heaven above was perfectly clear.

All in five minutes, however, the sky darkens, and, as in the last account, the storm is heralded by hail and snow falling so densely that "you could grasp a handful from the atmosphere." Then the first thunder peal is heard, apparently from a distance, but a moment later a report as of a rifle rings out close about them (a single bang, again), and a shock is felt in the head. A repetition of the same unpleasant phenomena pursued the party until they had climbed down beyond the limits of the storm.

Many sensational paragraphs are to be found telling how balloons have been caught in thunderstorms, the majority of these being too manifestly overdrawn or untrue. But a genuine instance is to be found in the case of the younger Green, who once had the rare fortune to mount completely through a thunderstorm in progress and emerge in the clear overhead. His experience was instructive, and clearly proved the fact, often insisted on, that such storms travel over the country much slower than the rate of the wind that bears them.

It was an August afternoon, with a violent wind from the south-west, when Mr. Green went up from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and at a height of 4,400 feet found himself level with the storm clouds, which were discharging rain like a waterfall, though without the accompaniment of much thunder and lightning. Plunging through this, however, he reached clear sky above, where a breeze from the north-west carried him clear of the storm which he thus left, still brooding over the scene behind him.

In view of this record it would seem possible for an aeronaut to rise in front of an approaching storm, and, vaulting over it, to descend clear again on the other side. I proceed now to tell of an occasion when, failing to accomplish this manoeuvre, I managed to land myself in the very heart of one of the very heaviest storms of thunder and lightning that I can recall, being, moreover, compelled by circumstances to remain in this predicament long enough to take somewhat careful stock of these unusual surroundings. As with the mountain storms already described, in my own case it began with a clear sky, yet a sky in which heavy cloud had lately dispersed. It had, indeed, since noon been a day of storms, which, however, at past five o'clock in the afternoon, appeared to be clearing away.

The month was July, and at that period of the summer it is common for severe storms to cease suddenly towards evening, even though they may return again at night. Thus I, with a couple of kindred spirits, felt justified in venturing into the heavens. Indeed, it was hard to conceive that there was any risk in so doing, inasmuch as the sky was clear, and since we must travel with the wind it seemed natural to suppose that, should a cloud arise anywhere on the horizon, it could but travel as we should, and keep its proper relative distance from us. It was just here, however, that our mistake lay.

We started from Newbury, England, with a course at first over the high ground in the direction of Swindon, but soon, rising higher, we came within a rapid air stream which sucked us back over the Kennet valley, along the trend of which we thenceforward were carried at high speed; and it was over this valley that our trouble arose. It is commonly said that a thunderstorm is attracted by a river bed, but in reality the case should be differently stated, the truth being that air streams up to a considerable height, and often bearing clouds, will follow the windings of any valley or channel through which the lower air is forcibly sweeping.

At any rate, at the end of the first ten miles, which we traveled in the brief interval of twenty minutes, we noticed the rich pastures below us growing indistinct with a blue-gray mist that deepened and broadened, and seemingly crept on ahead of us. The real fact, however, was that it was not being carried, but rather formed or condensed by a colder air that was settling down on the valley. And the access of this cold air was soon brought home to us, for, looking upwards, we saw ahead the sky already blotted out with a dense black pall, from which a few stray hailstones were descending, chilling the air.

The sky immediately above us was ill seen on account of our huge silk globe. For our craft was a large one, and the cordage having shrunk with recent showers, the car was drawn up somewhat close under the balloon. Thus our view of the thunder-pack—coming like the London storm, apparently from nowhere, and now already upon us—was a good deal restricted; but as watched by many onlookers from our starting-ground, ten miles away, the storm was seen to advance towards the balloon, swallowing it up and towering high above it, a black threatening mass swelling into unusual proportions.

It proved, as I have said, one of the worst storms on record in our neighborhood. It brooded for five hours over Devizes, a few miles ahead of us, proving what has been already insisted on, that the true storm travels far more slowly than the wind which bears it. And right and left of us the havoc wrought was widespread and severe. Close on one side a house was struck and burned to the ground, while on

the opposite side, just over the near ridge of hills, two soldiers were killed on Salisbury Plain.

It may have been partly owing to our circumscribed view of the sky overhead, or partly, perhaps, owing to our rapid forward motion, joined to the fact of the storm meeting us with equal velocity, that we failed to note the menace of the advancing cloud, as did those at a distance. But I believe that in reality the fringe of the cloud formed about us almost before we were aware of it, and thus hid the depths of the vast masses piling around.

It is the same with those who run into fog at sea. They become enveloped in a general mist which they cannot determine at close quarters, though to onlookers at a distance the shroud that covers them may appear as a fog bank of clearly defined limits. I shall always recall how, looking sheer down, the gulf below us was as though perfectly empty and transparent, for I was for some time intently watching the green fields, sharp and clear, sliding under us, while preparing to fire a detonating fog-signal, of which more anon. A little way out, however, all around us and below us, the air grew thicker and thicker with the blue-gray mist I have spoken of—that loose cloud curtain, doubtless, which accurate observers so generally describe as gathering from the earth as the storm sweeps up.

But ere we were reluctantly compelled to admit that we were caught in bad weather there was a wild shriek in the air all around us, and in less than a minute's space we were swallowed up in a pitiless onslaught of hail, which cut and bruised us, rattling with a furious patter on the silk above, and on the sides of our wicker-car, bringing down, too, from the upper regions—from what height, who shall say?—an ice-cold down-draught, for which we were but ill-prepared.

And then the thunder broke out. Up to this moment we had had little or no premonitory warnings, in the usual growing of an approaching storm. Indeed, the thunder, though appalling enough, proved not the most striking feature of the grand phenomena we were now about to experience—a fact, in accordance with the experiences of the mountaineers, already quoted. Moreover, the reverberations of the bomb which I now exploded a hundred feet below died away with unwonted quickness. This was remarked by all our party, and deserves further consideration. Certainly to our senses the rolling of the thunder was not prolonged. But again this may have been merely that its frequency and its nearness drowned the after-sound.

For crash now followed crash with the briefest intermission. It was like guns opening at short range, fast and furious, as in some sham fight which one may watch at sea. The flashes which came from all sides were invariably somewhat above us, as though from batteries on commanding heights; and each was followed smartly with a burst, closely resembling the solemn boom of heavy ordnance. They were single shots from masked embrasures.

On one flank would come a fork of lightning—for even in the home of the lightning the eye could not give it any other shape—which for a brief interval lingered painfully in the eye. Then the crash followed, and the black cloud closed up; a shot, as it were, with smokeless powder answered promptly by like discharges from opposite heights. It was all a wild, terrific war, to which the novelty of our situation lent a real terror. For it was borne in upon us that this was not a sham fight after all, but that all the sky around was a real battle-ground, and we were in its focus.

Probably the physical distress which all in some measure feel when there is electrical tension in the air was accentuated, and, moreover, there was the feeling of utter helplessness. The lofty balloon above was a big object for the lightning to strike at, and for ourselves there was not even the soldier's sorry chance of lying down under fire. Not for a while was there the opportunity for retreat. Instinct seemed to tell us that for safety we were wholly in the wrong place. Anywhere on the earth must be better than the thunder-cloud itself, where there was no hiding.

But a glance below showed that as yet there was no haven on which to alight, for the whole length of Saver-

nake Forest stretched beneath, offering a peril of its own to sky voyagers in a high wind. And so for several minutes—long and anxious minutes truly—we watched and wondered, and chatted cheerily, though our hearts misgave us. But presently our chance came—a chance for the exercise of judgment, and, better, for prompt action. There was a clearing in a margin of woodland, for which we were heading, a field of roots, bounded at its far end by a bank and double hedge, and with this in view the whole aspect of affairs was changed. The storm abated not one whit, but the thunder might crash on. We scorned its din, and the wicked streaks of blinding flame; for we could act now.

Ten minutes later we had negotiated the turnpikes and the hedge, and our balloon lay prone along a forest track on the far side. Around us was gathered a group of countrymen. They had been stolidly watching our balloon in the sky; waiting for it to be struck, and convinced, from their point of view, that it could not escape the lightning flashes that fairly enveloped it.

Slavery Days.

Authentic Reports State Positively That Slavery Still Exists in Canada.

Thousands are Bound Hand and Foot and Punished Terribly—The Tortures of the Inquisition Outdone.

The days of slavery are not yet over. True, the buying and selling of black men and women as cattle is abolished, but there are still many thousands who are bound in an awful bondage, and who daily suffer punishment greater than ever the average slave had to endure.

Dyspepsia is the task-master to whom these poor unfortunates are bound, and a cruel master he is.

Lashed to desperation by his awful punishment, many have sought liberty in death, preferring suicide to further torture.

But a Great Deliverer has appeared, and is striking off the shackles from all who would be free.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have made old King Dyspepsia totter on his throne, and have snatched many a victim from his ruthless clutches.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets by their timely aid have saved many a life from despair and death.

Into the very heart of this hitherto unconquerable old monarch's realm have Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets strode as a conquering hero to whom many woe and weary faces have been turned for deliverance.

And no poor Dyspeptic Slave has ever turned to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for emancipation in vain.

Right on the palace gate of the tyrannical monster has been posted the proclamation—
ALL DYSPEPTICS MAY BE FREE—
DODD'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS HAVE DEFEATED DYSPEPSIA.

Many have been liberated, and if you are still in the bondage of Dyspepsia it is only because you will not put it in your hand and take the freedom from all its distress and pain which is within your reach.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold at 50 cents a box wherever medicine is sold.

Baseball Term.



"Dropping a hot fly."—"Life."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Has Co-education Failed?

"THERE is no question that a reaction has set in against co-education," said President David Starr Jordan in his speech on "The Education of Women," before the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in Los Angeles, on Tuesday. He added: "The number of those who proclaim their unquestioning faith is relatively fewer than would have been the case ten years ago. This change in sentiment is not universal. It will be nowhere revolutionary. Young women will not be excluded from any institution where they are now welcomed, nor will the almost universal rule of co-education in State institutions be in any way changed or reversed. . . . The only serious new argument against co-education is that derived from the fear of the adoption by universities of woman's standards of art and science, rather than those of men; the fear that amateurism would take the place of specialization in our higher education. Only men, broadly speaking, are capable of objective studies. Only men can learn to face fact without flinching, unswayed by feeling or preference. The reality with women is the way in which the fact affects her. Original investigation, creative art, the 'resolute facing of the world as it is,' all belong to man's world, not at all to that of the average woman. That women in college can do as good work as the men is beyond question. In the university they do not, for this difference exists,

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'DARTING' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in small and large collapsible tubes. Makes rough skins smooth and protects delicate complexion from the effects of wind and sun.

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That's all.

THE ECONOMIZER Shredded Wheat

IT'S THE WAGE-EARNER'S COMFORT, FOR HE IS PROPERLY AND ECONOMICALLY NOURISHED.

There are no bills for yeast, baking powder, soda, cream of tartar, for it is already light, no lard bills to pay, for it is already short, no medicine bills, for Shredded Wheat is natural food. Its use insures natural health.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS

the rare exceptions only proving the rule that women excel in technique, men in actual achievement. If instruction through investigation is the real work of the real university, then in the real university the work of the most gifted women is only by-play. The remedy for feminine dilettantism is found in more severe training. Current literature, as shown in profitable editions, reflects the taste of the leisure class. The women with leisure who read and discuss rapid books are not representative of woman's higher education. In any event this gives no argument against co-education. It is thorough training, not separate training, which is indicated as the need of the times."

Ping-Pong Banned.

Ping-pong has at last fallen under the ban of the law keepers of Scotland. In the city of Dundee the police magistrates have decided that this latest fashionable game is detrimental to the morals of a sober city. It seems that all public houses of that town, or nearly all, have provided ping-pong tables for their patrons, and the custom of playing for drinks has grown so rapidly that the jails are not large enough to accommodate all the victims of the game. Consequently,

greatly aroused by this sudden increase of intemperance, the magistrates have decided that henceforth ping-pong may not be played in places where liquor is sold.

The Fairies' Nurse.

Safe within the cranny Of the garden wall, Like a gray-haired granny, With her cap and shawl, Sits an honest spider, Bent with aged racks, With a wheel beside her Spinning fairy flax. And if one should ask her Why she takes no fun, Wastes no time to bask her In the noonday sun, She would say, "My dearies, Careless children play— I'm the nurse of fairies, And at work must stay; For I knit them blanket, Weave them dainty sheet, While they pertly prank it, With their twinkling feet."

"But the Winter's coming For the elfin bands, Frosts will soon be numbing Tiny nose and hands; Then when they are cosy With my woolly skeins, They will bless my proxy, Nurse for all her pains!" —Edward Uffington Valentine.

The wise man is recognized by his inability to explain everything.

Rebinding a Skirt

involves time, labor, bother and expense, which may be avoided if your skirt is bound with S. H. & M. Redfern—a bias corded velvet—which not only protects the skirt, but adds to the beauty of it. You may be sure you are getting the best skirt binding if the letters S. H. & M. are on the back of every yard.

If you do not find the letters

S.H.&M.

on the back of Bias Velvet or Brush Edge Skirt Bindings they are not the best.

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LEADED, WHITE METAL, COPPER and other effects in GLASS FOR DWELLINGS.

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THE lateness of the season and the fact that the public received the glowing advance notices with some reservation, no doubt accounted for the slimness of the audience which greeted the phenomenal little genius of the violin, Florizel Reuter, the twelve-year old pupil of Henri Marteau, on his initial appearance here on Thursday night of last week. The impression he created was so emphatic and so amazing that his managers arranged for a return concert on Tuesday evening. But here again circumstances were unpropitious, as the notice was too short for musical people to cancel social engagements previously made. The expectations of those who were fortunate to be present at the two concerts were more than realized. I have never heard such wondrous violin-playing from any lad of Florizel's years. His technical achievements are so great, to say nothing of his genuine musical gifts, that cause must have been given for many mature artists on the instrument to give way to despair. Here is a mere boy who played from memory the Mendelssohn concerto, two movements of the Vieuxtemps concerto in E major, the Paganini concerto (first movement with Wilhelm cadenza), Wieniawski's "Legende" and "Alors Russes," two caprices of Paganini, Sarasate's "Gypsy Dance," and Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasia, with an ease, beauty of tone, truth of intonation and a mastery of double-stopping, arpeggios, artificial harmonics and left-hand pizzicato positively startling. No amount of practising would account for such phenomenal work; it is evident that the boy is a natural genius on the instrument. The daily newspapers have commented upon the perfect sense of time, accent and rhythm that he showed in his performance; but to me, the most grateful and the most astonishing gifts he displayed were his symmetrical phrasing, and his dignified and yet appealing expression, for which no amount of tutoring can claim credit. Despite the exacting nature of his programmes, which included pieces which have proved a task on the endurance of a full-grown virtuoso to the audience, with all that unthinking selfishness which the great public so often manifests, insisted upon making him give extra numbers at each concert. And yet the boy responded, in some cases with encore numbers even more difficult than those which won him his recalls, although it was evident at the close of his performances that he was getting tired, there being a falling off in his clearness of execution and an uneven hurrying of the tempo. Florizel, if properly taken care of, should have a grand future. One would think that all that is possible in artistic and technical violin-playing is within his attainment. It is not surprising that the New York "Tribune" said of him after his appearance in New York, that "he is a mystery, incomprehensible." The vocalist of the two concerts was Mr. James Fitch Thomson, the well-known baritone, formerly of Toronto. Mr. Thomson has during his absence from this city greatly developed in artistic appreciation as well as in method. Unfortunately at both concerts he sang at times off the pitch, and, strangely enough, in his most ambitious moments. Too much anxiety to win a triumph in his former home may have had much to do with his departure from just intonation. Mr. Thomson, however, made a pronounced impression in several songs, and was given a warm and sympathetic reception, being encored twice at the second concert.

The programme of the Mendelssohn Choir for the two concerts of next season will, it is learned, be announced at an early date. Since the closing of the application list on the 30th ult., Mr. Vogt has had all his spare time occupied in testing the candidates for membership. The applicants are more numerous and of a higher grade of efficiency than at any previous time. It has been decided to limit the membership to two hundred, and all voices accepted beyond that number will be placed on the waiting list. Mr. Vogt is of opinion that next season's chorus will excel in every one of the eight sections the splendid body of singers who constituted the choir at the last concert.

The Associated Musicians of Ontario, the proceedings of which body were held in abeyance during the several years pending the action of the University of Toronto with regard to the examinations in practical music now instituted by its Senate, are about to take steps towards reorganization, with a view of actively supporting the action of the University and otherwise promoting the interests of the profession in Ontario and throughout the Dominion. A meeting to this end is being arranged for the first week in July, and will probably be held in Hamilton. It is gratifying to learn that the University's action in acceding to the request of practically the entire profession in Ontario with regard to these examinations, is more than likely to meet with the most enthusiastic support of the musicians of this city and the country generally. A new and in every detail revised syllabus will be issued by the University at an early date, the intention being to perfect the scheme in all its features.

The singing of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church choir at Peterborough the other night seems to have been generally appreciated by the musical people of that town. The Peterborough "Times" in its notice of the concert says: "The work of Jarvis Street choir last evening was beyond criticism—it was perfect. To Mr. J. Crane, the popular and energetic director of St. Paul's choir, the thanks and gratitude of our music-loving citizens are due for placing within their reach one of the richest feasts of music which Peterborough has ever enjoyed."

The Gesang-verein of the Liederkranz, under the direction of Herr Euge-

gene Woycke, gave an excellent concert in the hall of the society on Monday evening. The programme, which included numbers by Mendelssohn, Saint-Saens, Schumann, Rachmaninoff, Wieniawski and Rubinstein, was effectively carried out by the singers of the society, both men and women, and the following soloists, Kerr Klingenberg, violin; Herr Woycke, piano; Frau Kahner, and Fraulein Wegener, soprano. Herr Woycke's duo sonata for piano and violin entitled "Sonata Fantastique," aroused great interest, and proved a musically and attractive composition as interpreted by Herr Woycke and Klingenberg. Glionna's orchestra was in attendance and supplied music for the dancing which followed the concert.

Some of the old English musical critics of about seventy years ago had a curious sense of humor. When Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy appeared in London in 1829 he gave a concert at which he played Weber's "Concert-stuck." The reporter of the "Literary Gazette" thus referred to the event: "A German gentleman—with a long Christian name, too long for any Christian to pronounce with impunity—made his debut on this occasion and performed on the piano a piece termed on the card a 'concert-stuck.' The pianist, however, never once got stuck in his performance, but on the contrary, appeared to get through his work with not less satisfaction to his audience than to himself."

The London "Musical Times" relates a story to prove how dearly musical critics love one another. In 1843 the two shining lights in London were Chopin of the "Athenaeum" and Davison of the "Musical World," and afterwards of the "Times." In the issue of July 13 Davison wrote with reference to Smart's "Estelle": "This may justly be styled the most popular classical song that has proceeded from the pen of an Englishman. It has managed to outlive the cavils and petty malice of such inveterate enemies to everything in the shape of native ability as Mr. Asinaum Chorley and others of the same miserable fraternity."

"The Piano Acrobat" is the title of an amusing article that recently appeared in the "Allgemeine Zeitung" of Vienna. It is concerned with the doings of Godowsky, a pianist who, not satisfied with the great difficulties of Chopin's études, plays two of them at once. This, says the writer, sets up a new standard. Obviously, the only way to beat him is to play three of those études at once. Godowsky, furthermore, plays several chords at one time, in two seconds and a half—that is, he covers a kilometre of keyboard in thirty-five minutes, eighteen seconds. This establishes a record—but, like all records, it is not necessarily final, so that rivals need not despair. If Godowsky had been a poet, he would have written verses in which every word rhymes with every other, and the sense of which is not altered if they are read backwards. Piano-playing like this, the writer continues, provides entertainment for a quarter of an hour, the other hour and three-quarters are filled with ennui. Godowsky seems to have seven fingers on each hand; Barum would have admired him, but his playing warns no one but the player. The difficulties which he needlessly piles on are clever devices to distract the attention from the main thing one asks of a performer. What has become of the tender melodies, the melancholy, the nobility of Chopin, under such hands? "Godowsky is not one of those players who convince us that they might have been artists even if they had been born without hands."

Speaking of Joachim's appearances in London recently "Truth" says: "A dead set has been made in certain quarters at Dr. Joachim, and it has plainly, if not offensively, been asserted that he ought to be advised to retire, as his public work is done. Those who have heard him at these quartette performances will certainly not be of this opinion. To suppose that a man of upwards of seventy possesses the physical power which he boasted thirty years ago would, of course, be absurd. But, despite the high fliers of the new Bohemian 'technique' school, who never seem to dare anything but works of mere display, Dr. Joachim is a violinist who will still take a lot of beating."

Much interest is being taken in Mr. Frank R. Austin's farewell recital in the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening next. Mr. Austin has issued a very strong programme of piano numbers. Miss Amy Robert Jaffray will sing two groups of songs, and Mr. Chrystal Brown will introduce three new songs, as well as sing a few popular ballads.

Miss Ada M. Briggs, pupil of Dr. Edward Fisher, gave a recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on the 13th inst. The playing of this young lady showed musical talent of a high order, her work giving evidence of careful and well-directed study, and her interpretations being characterized by intelligence and artistic capabilities. The programme included numbers by Beethoven, Liszt, Chopin and Grieg.

Miss Bessie B. Burgar's piano recital in the Conservatory Music Hall last Friday evening constituted the closing one of the series given throughout the season by pupils of Dr. Edward Fisher. The programme on this occasion included Schumann's Trio Fantasie-stuecke, op. 88, the violin and cello parts being played by Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson and Mr. Henry S. Saunders; Beethoven's Sonata, op. 27, No. 2; Rachmaninoff's Prelude, op. 3, No. 2; Mendelssohn-Heller's "On Song's Bright Pinions;" Chopin's Etude, op. 25, No. 7; Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet;" Davidoff's "Romance Sans Paroles;" and Wagner-Liszt's "Spinning Song." Miss Burgar's playing was characterized by many good and artistic qualities, her intelligent conception

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of the composer's meaning being particularly noticeable in the Beethoven and Schumann numbers. Miss Burgar was assisted by Miss Adelaide M. Sheppard (soprano), Mr. W. Millard McCammon (tenor), and Miss Sybil Bowles (reader).

A recital was given last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music by pupils from the junior grade. Those taking part were Elsie Lockhart Gordon, Myra McDonald, Norma Barber, Elsie Brownridge, Isabel Storey, Audrey Williams, Irene Locke, Edna Park, Gertrude Perry, Ruth Park, Janey Williams, Daisy Woodstock, Hilda Brunner, Dottie Cowan, Gertrude Park, Edith Mills, Ethel Saywell, Carrie Balfour, Sybil Jewell, Clara Peck, Kathleen Le Roy, Flora Larkin and Bernard Rautenberg. The teachers represented were Ethel Husband, Jean Rice, E. Porter, Kennedy, Lillian Landell, Lillian Porter, Mrs. Parker and Charles Eggett.

Piano pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, assisted by Miss Cecilia J. Mitchell, a vocal pupil of Mr. L. Sajous, gave a recital at the Metropolitan School of Music on Tuesday evening. It was the first of two such events, other pupils of Mr. Forsyth appearing next Tuesday evening. There was much to admire in the recital, and the pupils who played, several evinced the possession of excellent natural talent. The pianists were the Misses Lillian A. Hubbard, Ruth Mackie, Nellie Gausby, Ethel Hunter, Marion Thorne, Ethel Mountain, Myrtle Corcoran and Mr. Alex. J. McLean. The vocal numbers given by Miss Mitchell were of charming selection, and were sung with verve and finish. Mr. Peter C. Kennedy's piano accompaniments to Miss Mitchell's songs were, as usual, sympathetically and artistically played.

Another column of this issue announces that Mrs. Fletcher-Copp (formerly known as Miss Evelyn Copp, Fletcher) will open, early in July, and at or near Boston, a five to six weeks' course for teachers in the now universally famous Fletcher Music Method, simple and kindergarten. Mr. Edmond L. Roberts, secretary of the Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto, is again acting as Miss Fletcher's representative for Canada, and from him can be obtained particulars as to Miss Fletcher's requirements on the part of applicants, information regarding the practical (pecuniary and other) advantages which the method affords teachers, etc. Special rates of board will be arranged, and it is probable that members convening at Toronto on a given date, and others joining the party while en route, via Montreal, will be provided with an escort to their destination.

A very enjoyable concert was given in the Women's Art Gallery last Monday evening, under the auspices of the United Empire Loyalists' Association. The following artists contributed to the programme: Miss Mabel S. Hicks, pianist; Miss Hilda Richardson, vocalist; Miss E. Goulding, cornetist; Mr. Frank Blachford, violinist; Mr. Chrystal Brown, tenor; Mrs. Blight and Mr. T. A. Davies were the accompanists.

Invitations are now out for the last vocal recital for this season of Mr. Rechab Tandy's pupils, to be given in the Hall of the Conservatory of Music on Saturday evening, 31st inst. At this recital Mr. Tandy will sing the famous tenor aria, "Onaway, Awake," from Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," which will be its first performance in Toronto. Mr. Tandy will also sing Stephen Adams' great and popular song, "The Star of Bethlehem," with piano and organ obligato.

A service of praise will be held in Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, corner Dundas street and Dovercourt road, on Tuesday evening, 27th inst. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Atkinson, will be assisted by Mrs. Caldwell, soprano; Miss Lena M. Hayes, violinist; Mr. E. W. Phillips, solo organist, and the regular choir soloists, Messrs. Dickson and Carmichael, Messrs. Baumann and Hood.

The Toronto Junction College of Music gave a very successful concert on Tuesday night before a crowded house, the occasion being a vocal recital by pupils of Mr. Arthur Blight, principal of the vocal department. Mr. Blight numbers several choir leaders among his pupils, whose singing shows Mr. Blight to be a vocal teacher of high qualifications. Pure intonation marked the performance of all the pupils, and the ease with which they sang difficult passages elicited the warmest applause. The vocalists were Misses Watson, Bingham, Bradley, Shannon, Davidson, Fisher, Lee, Lucas, and Messrs. Coule, Horner, Maywood, Tyrrell, Barton, Curtis, Milne and Ives. In the absence of Mr. Fred Whyte, Mr. Blight consented to sing one number, and he was twice recalled. Mr. Blight has given new impetus to the vocal department at the Toronto Junction College, which is in a flourishing condition. Mrs. Blight played the accompaniment with taste and judgment. Miss Dorothy Davis, a talented pupil of Miss Macmillan, gave two numbers, and was recalled. A piano recital of pupils of Miss Macmillan is announced for June 10.

A Dramatic Moment.

At the close of the Crimean War the Duke of Cambridge, who had taken command in the absence of Lord Raglan, went in person to Marshal Canrobert to invite the French officer to review the English troops. It had not occurred to His Highness that the date fixed for the review was June 18, the anniversary of Waterloo. Nor indeed at the moment did Marshal Canrobert pay heed to the date. At the time agreed upon Canrobert was on the ground in full parade uniform, accompanied by his staff. The English army was drawn up in long file; to the right, the Guards, with their long, hairy head-gear; then the Highlanders, with their feather-trimmed caps, their strange costumes and their bagpipes, and with sounds stranger still; and last the infantry, with their tufted shakos and their red tunics with white gimp. The sun was beaming brightly, causing the arms to glisten,

and the flags waving in the wind were all covered over with names embroidered in gold. It was a superb spectacle. The Duke of Cambridge asked the marshal to take the right of the line of battle—it was the Guards who occupied it—and reviewing officers began to move along in front of their ranks. Having got level with the first battalion, Canrobert saluted it. At the same moment the flag was lowered to return his salute, and on the unfolded tissue he read, in large letters: "Ramilles, Malplaquet, Les Arapies, Victoria . . . Waterloo."

Those were precisely the most disastrous days of the history of France that Canrobert, a French general, was thus compelled to salute on the anniversary of Waterloo, in the midst of English generals who had fought there. He was unable, do what he could, to repress the emotion that was choking him during that second. Cold shivers ran through his body; the hand with which he held his hat while saluting trembled like a dead leaf. Still, anxious to let nothing of all that appear, he went on saluting, one after the other, down to the very last of them, the colors on which he could always read:

"Les Arapies, Vittoria . . . Waterloo." As may be imagined, Canrobert's emotion was all the more powerful that he was constrained to keep it down. When it was all over he was obliged to pull himself together in order to shake hands with the Duke of Cambridge, to tender him thanks, to offer him congratulations.

His Highness was far too quick-sighted not to have noticed what he had gone through, and far too tactful to make the faintest allusion to it. But from that day onward, whenever French officers were invited to review the English army, the colors remained under cover, and neither Saint-Arnaud, Pelissier nor Canrobert had in the future a similar ordeal to go through.

Joe's Revelation.

Not long ago a nice young man was invited to dine at the home of a young woman and accepted the invitation with pleasure. It was just a family dinner, and everything was passing off well when an unpleasant and quite unforeseen incident occurred. They were all discussing the pie, when the young woman's little brother, who had been regarding her closely, suddenly spoke up:

"Gee," he said, "look at Marie tryin' to put on style just 'cause Joe is here. She's eatin' her pie with a fork!"

It is needless to add that the cherubic child experienced a very unpleasant quarter of an hour after Joe got home.

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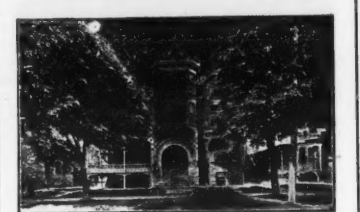
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Passing of the Artificial Flower.

"Harper's Weekly."

FOR the last hundred years artificial flowers have been the dearest decoration a woman could buy for her summer hat. The superlative has a double meaning in this connection—"dear" to feminine purse-strings, immeasurably satisfying to her sense of the artistic and appropriate. No one, not even the most logical man, could deny the daintiness of the instinct that led women to bedeck their multitudinous heads with copies of the sweetest things Divinity sets down upon this rolling ball. So it was that all these years, from her palace in the center of her kingdom, Fashion each spring sent out her unassailable decree that flowers were to deck hats.

At first the word "artificial" was always used in speaking or writing of linen or silk posies. Old "fashion items" contain many allusions to "artificial roses," "artificial lilies-of-the-valley,"—always to impress upon the reader that real flowers were not meant. Of late years the adjective has been almost entirely eliminated from the dictionary of the writer who dishes up modish delicacies. Nowadays, a hat is trimmed with "violets," a boa is of "forget-me-nots." No woman—and not often a man—is so ignorant as to imagine anything else but artificial flowers is meant.

The making of these beautiful imitations of Nature's handiwork became a vast enterprise employing the skilled labor of thousands of men, women, and girls. In many parts of the world the trade of artificial-flower-making descended from mother to daughter. Whole families for generations cut, pasted, stitched and colored the beautiful evidences of their skill.

Until recent years the aim was always to make artificial flowers successful counterparts of Nature's own darlings. Every one knows that the work was often done so ably as to defy the eye's discernment. At this time the art of artificial flower-making attained its highest perfection. The more faithful the likeness of the imitations to the originals the better the pay of the maker, and the greater the stimulation to effort.

Then came a creeping in of the grotesque and unnatural. Now and then Queen Fashion sent out edicts establishing the position of green roses, red lilies, purple carnations, and all sorts of fantastic, even ugly, effects in artificial flowers. The unending search for novelty began it. Newness, no matter how unseemly, appeals to most people for a time. Then comes a reaction, when the full commonness of a popular fancy strikes people, and they put the whole, good and bad, aside for a period of dormancy. When the imitation blossoms of fantastic proportions and bald ugliness came to be the style, artificial-flower-making was a doomed industry. Milliners looked about for some artistic and new substitute. The hat itself, which from our great-grandmother's time down had been a thing of shape only, offered great possibilities for ingenious ideas. About three years ago fancy braids began to flood the market; wire frames were made with greater care than ever; all sorts of fantastic and beautiful effects were brought out in straw hats, which needed no extra adornment other than a trifle of ribbon, chiffon, or lace—and artificial flowers went off Fifth Avenue to dwell among the folk who live on the outermost edge of Queen Fashion's realm, and read her royal mandates through poverty's spectacles.

Last year there were more fancy straws, and dozens of carefully planned shapes in hats, and this season the demand for the new straws has driven many dealers in artificial flowers out of business. During the month of April four heretofore prosperous firms were obliged to close their doors. One of these, a large wholesale house dealing exclusively in artificial flowers, went into bankruptcy, giving as the sole reason for so doing that there was no demand for their goods. So long as the straws are as dainty and durable as they are this spring the situation is not likely to change. A walk past the series of fashionable Fifth Avenue millinery shops establishes the truth of this assertion. There are whole windows displaying only hats of straw whose sole trimming is ribbon, lace, or chiffon. It seems a pity, when one thinks of the daintiness of the artificial flowers of past days, but there is no help for it until women tired of fancy straws and hats turn to other novelties. Then the industry will awaken. In the meantime hundreds of girls and women who have no other employment are hopelessly out of work.

Pennies by the Ton.

WHEN one has put a penny in the slot and got his correct weight or a piece of chocolate, he seldom thinks of the thousands of other pennies dropped that very hour into other machines. The companies that own these "automatic vendors" receive tons of pennies, which they can turn back into circulation only through the United States Subtreasury, since banks refuse to handle pennies unless they are counted and packed in rolls, and the slot-machine companies would have to hire a large force of clerks to do this, and that would curtail their profits. The problem of counting pennies for deposit in the Subtreasury is simple. They are weighed like so many bullets on a scale, which registers not pounds and ounces, but dollars and cents. The collections from the slot-machines do not go directly to be weighed. The coin has first to be sorted, for it is mixed with all kinds of refuse—lead weights, buttons, bangles and counterfeits, put into the slot either in a spirit of mischief or to defraud the company. The boys who do this sorting wear antiseptic gloves, for the coins are very dirty and likely to spread disease. The refuse from the sorting process is usually valueless, although now and then gold pieces, bits of jewelry, gold and silver charms engraved with tender inscriptions find their way into the iron throat of the machine which swallows only copper cents. Hundreds of German pennies and many coins of higher value are found in the machines, put there through carelessness, for in these cases there can be no intention to cheat;

there is nothing lower than a cent. Counterfeits abound. The cost of making is not great, and the per cent. of profit is large. People seldom take the trouble to look carefully at pennies, so counterfeiters pass easily. On the Bowery in New York and at Coney Island from one to two per cent. of the copper in circulation is said to be spurious. So the owners of the penny-in-the-slot machines have more trouble with the actual money they receive than men in any other business. Making change relieves a street-car company from receiving nothing but nickels, but the penny-in-the-slot company must take the actual copper stuff and turn it into more convenient form. On lower Broadway it is no uncommon sight to see a wagon load of pennies going to the Treasury, in appearance only a load of canvas sacks, but really a clumsy embarrassment of riches.

Nature's Blessing

Is Found in Health, Strength and Freedom From Pain.

This Gift Is Meant for All—On It the Happiness and Usefulness of Life Depend—Without It Life Is an Existence Hard to Endure.

Health is nature's choicest gift to man, and should be carefully guarded. Ill-health is a sure sign that the blood is either insufficient, watery or impure, for most of the diseases that afflict mankind are traceable to this cause. Every organ of the body requires rich, red blood to enable it to properly perform its life-sustaining functions, and at the first intimation that nature gives that all is not well, the blood should be cared for. Purgative medicines will not do this—it is a tonic that is needed, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been proved, the world over, to surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening and health-renewing qualities. From one end of the land to the other will be found grateful people who cheerfully acknowledge that they owe their good health to this great medicine. Among these is Mr. Elmer R. Laidou, a prominent young man living at St. Jerome, Que. He says: "For some years I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. My appetite became irregular, and everything I ate felt like a weight on my stomach. I tried several remedies and was under the care of doctors, but to no avail, and I grew worse as time went on. I became very weak, grew thin, suffered much from pains in the stomach, and was frequently seized with dizziness. One day a friend told me of the case of a young girl who had suffered greatly from this trouble, but who through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had fully regained her health and strength, and strongly advised me to try these pills. I was so eager to find a cure that I acted on his advice and procured a supply. From the very first my condition improved, and after using the pills for a couple of months I was fully restored to health, after having been a constant sufferer for four years. It is now over a year since I used the pills and in that time I have enjoyed the best of health. This I owe to that greatest of all medicines, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I shall always have a good word to say on their behalf."

Through their action on the blood and nerves, these pills cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney trouble, partial paralysis, etc. Be sure that you get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on every box. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Railroad Search-Lights.

ONE of the recent safety equipments of the fast mail-trains, which of necessity run at a high rate of speed through the night, is the electric search-light. A number of engines on the leading roads have been supplied with such powerful search-lights that objects on the track can be seen nearly a mile away on the darkest nights. A small dynamo in the engine supplies the light, and the lamp itself is so arranged that the fireman can operate it from his position in the cab to suit the needs of the moment. It was found that a permanent light attached to the smoke-stack, as the old-time reflectors were, would cast its path of light off the track instead of on it when rounding curves. The fireman can now touch a lever and throw the light straight ahead, sideways, or up in the air. The largest of these locomotive search-lights are 6,000 candle-power, which, compared to the old-time reflectors, are remarkable products of the age.

The fast mail-trains travel over the ground so rapidly that an ordinary head-light casting a reflection four or five hundred feet is practically of little use. It might reveal to the engineer trouble ahead, but it could never help to avert the accident. The engineer might be able to shut off steam and apply the brakes, but by that time the engine would be upon the object. It is almost impossible for one of the fast trains to come to a dead stop much inside of 1,200 to 1,500 feet, and the heavier and faster the train, the greater length of time must elapse before a stop can be effected. Consequently, the old head-lights were of little real value to trains running fifty and sixty miles an hour. With the new powerful electric search-light, however, danger ahead can be seen in ample time for the engineer to bring his heavy train to a dead halt. As a safety equipment of the record-breaking trains, the search-light has thus become a necessity of the day.

A Believer in the Birch.

THERE are two very amusing little anecdotes in the newly-published "Memoirs of Herr von Busch," who lived for years in the confidence of Prince von Bismarck. It appears that the Iron Chancellor was not tender to his two sons when they were little, and spanked them for the slightest offence. Once Herbert and "Bill" had been caught stealing nuts in the garden of a neighbor, who, full of respect for the little gentlemen, only scolded them mildly. At that very moment, however, Bis-

marck and Moritz Busch put in an appearance. "What!" cried the stern father; "is that all you find to say to these little scoundrels? Please cut one of the most elastic branches from your despoiled tree, and give them, under my very eyes, the best thrashing that they ever had. And, depend upon it, when I do it myself I do not spare them!" There was no getting out of it; so the neighbor set about the task as tenderly as possible, but Bismarck, stamping with his foot, kept on crying, "Go on! Go on! You coward!" till the wretched farmer, excited by the commanding voice, hit so hard that the boys asked for mercy.

Herr von Busch was indignant, and could not help venturing a few observations. "Bah!" Bismarck answered, "you are too much of a sentimentalist, and seem to ignore that the birch is the salvation of our German children. Look at the Prince Imperial himself! The birch never for a moment leaves the back of the chair of Fraulein H., his governess, who obeys orders, but hates beating her august pupil."

Then, choking with laughter, the Prince went on: "One day the poor, kind lady, after having administered a severe correction to Wilhelm, said, 'Believe me, your Highness, it hurts me more than it hurts you when I have to punish you so.' The boy shrugged his shoulders, looking somewhat incredulous. A little later, at luncheon time, when all the family was gathered round the table, he suddenly said to the governess, 'Is your back better?' On which Princess Victoria kindly asked her what was the matter with her back. 'Not much, I hope,' quickly answered the mischievous boy who is now Emperor. 'For I scarcely feel mine now, but you see, mother, Fraulein H. has such a sympathetic back that it begins to hurt her directly she commences to cane me, and she performed on me this morning.'"

The Glass Eye.

The following good story comes from Ceylon.—A tea-planter—he had a glass eye—was very desirous to go and have a day's shooting with a friend, but he knew that immediately the natives, who were at work on the plantation, got wind that he was away, they would not do a stroke of work. How was he to get off?—that was the question. After much thought an idea struck him. Going up to the men, he addressed them thus: "Although I myself will be absent, yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work." And, much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives, he took out the glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree and left. For some time the natives worked like elephants, now and then casting furtive glances at the eye to see if it was still watching, but at last one of them, seizing the tin in which he carried his food, approached the tree, and gently placed it over the eye. As soon as they saw that they were not being watched they all lay down and slept peacefully until sunset.

Husband's Face.

Benedict who are in the habit of trying to palm themselves off as spring hatched roosters will learn, not without alarm, that the physiognomist is on their track. He has, in fact, evolved a new terror called the "husband's face." Every married man is said to possess it, and it marks him out as a Benedict just as surely as if he had a label to that effect hung round his neck. Don't imagine, says "Pick-Me-Up," that we are going to give the secret away—the ladies know too much already—but any duly certified married man who sends along sufficient cheques and stamps to cover the postage, cost of packing, and registration, can have it by return, or later. It is just as well to be on your guard, boys. There is small comfort in being told by a casual confidant that you are not what you pretend to be, even supposing you aren't, and if a little wrinkle from "one who knows" can avert trouble, I'm sure you're heartily welcome.

Easily Satisfied.

Some men think they know everything. It was recorded of a freshly-made railway director, who was inspecting the permanent way, that he noticed at a curve in the line that the outside rail was higher than the other, and immediately called the engineer's attention to the defect. The engineer was a man of sense, and did not wish to enter into an explanation of the scientific character and the necessity of the rails being laid as they were, so he exclaimed: "All right, sir; I see exactly what is the matter, and I will have the rails levelled as soon as the up express has passed." And that sapient director went off perfectly satisfied.

A West Lambton Joke.

The following joke (if it is one) comes from West Lambton:—A Public School Inspector (testing a senior Part I class in phonics in a school-room where election day brings the children a holiday)—"Now, little folks, who can tell me what this word is?" writing "re-lection" on the black-board.

Small boy (aside) whispering to Inspector—"Eh?"—"leek?"—"shun."

Inspector (not satisfied that the boy recognizes the word)—"What does it bring you, my boy?"

Small boy (in a whisper)—"Money."

The Inspector was so vexed, but he declines to name the boy.

They Stripped Him.

The following story is going the rounds of the English papers. The incident has probably not been heard of before in Canada:—Some time since there was an election near Montreal. Both candidates were present at a meeting of constituents, and the debate was very heated. The more patriotic of the two candidates eloquently declared that the man who did not patronize home manufactures was an unworthy citizen and ought to be spitted. After he had exhausted his indignation, his opponent rose and blandly remarked that he

would bet a sovereign that the patriotic one was not wearing a single rag that had not come from abroad. It was a joyous chance, and the meeting seized it and him, and denuded him of everything save his birthday clothes with greater zeal than delicacy, and this is how he peeled: Suit from Paris; underwear from London; shirt and collar from Vienna; boots from Berlin; tie, native. The next day the denuded one was not elected.

Edinburgh's Extinct Volcano.

When the earth first started to solidify, millions of years ago, the thin crust that formed pent up the raging gases within. As soon as they gathered sufficient strength they forced their way through at the weakest point, thus forming the first volcano. Since that day, though the earth's crust gradually thickened and cooled until it was fitted to sustain life, the inner forces have always striven to break through, heaving up mountain ranges and archipelagos in their endeavors to find a vent.

No two volcanoes behave alike. Some, like Bandaisan, in Japan, remain quiet for more than a thousand years, and then one day the imprisoned steam and gases become too much for the "bottle," and it explodes. Others "erupt" continuously, and their energy never being pent up, they do not become dangerous. Mount Stromboli, in the Mediterranean, has been active without interruption for two thousand years, yet its activity, though constant, is not excessive, and it has not the terrible record of an Etna or a Vesuvius. Vesuvius, on the other hand, was quiet for centuries before the fatal August 24 in the year 79 A.D., when it overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii.

"Extinct" volcanoes are more to be dreaded than those with smoking craters. Under the verdure-clad "extinct" volcano tremendous forces may be at work, accumulating strength with time, till the moment comes when the weakened "skin" of earth gives way before the pressure of the subterranean steam and gases. It is impossible to be certain that the crater really is extinct. The most noted extinct volcano in these islands is the eminence upon which the city of Edinburgh is built.—London "Daily Mail."

Opportunity for Canadian Investment.

That Canadians are alive to the opportunities that their own country affords is recognized by those outside the Dominion.

Prosperity characterizes all branches of industry.

The Canadian public to-day are aware of the profitable investments to be secured in Canadian institutions, and we do not have to look elsewhere to seek a safe and prudent investment of our capital.

An instance of this is to be found in the investment the public are making in the shares of the recently-formed Canadian Casualty Company, which is a distinctively Canadian corporation, capitalized at one million dollars, and which will enter a field which has but few rivals, and where there are unlimited opportunities for business.

The directorate of this company is composed of the representative public and financial interests of the country. This corporation is well received, and has secured the confidence of the investing public. The organization on a sound business basis of our Canadian financial institutions is a good sign and will prove a benefit to the country.

A Georgia man, who has gone to Washington in search of a Government job, gives as his qualifications: "I can not only write poetry and novels, but there isn't a Government mule that can throw me!"—Atlanta "Constitution."

Mrs. Jones—I don't see what she wanted to marry him for; he has a cork leg, a glass eye, and false teeth. Mrs. Smith—Well, my dear, you know women always did have a hankering after remnants.—"Smart Set."

Cassidy—Man, ye're drunk, Cassidy. Cassidy—Ye're spakin', Cassidy. Cassidy—Ye're sober, Cassidy—I've wuz sober yed hove sinse enough to know ye wuz drunk.

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HAS REMOVED

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THE TEMPLE BUILDING

Gorky's First Drama.

HAVING achieved an extraordinary success in the short story and novel forms of art, Maxim Gorky, the poet of the vagrant kingdom, has just tried his hand at the drama. The critics argue that he has won in this new field a signal triumph. Even those who are distinctly hostile to the philosophy of Gorky's fiction recognize the strength, the freshness, the vitality and sustained interest of his play.

The theme is not new. The drama, entitled "Mestchanie" ("The Small Bourgeois"), deals with the irrepressible conflict between the old and the new, the fathers and the sons, the declining order and that destined to supersede it. Turgenyev treated the subject in his famous novel, "Fathers and Sons," but his scenes were laid among cultivated and refined people. Gorky portrays the life of a low-bred family, of a group of people representing the third estate, the poorer and larger part of the class just above the peasant and wage-laborer.

Strictly speaking, his play is not a drama. It lacks development. Gorky himself calls it a series of scenes in the house of Bezemienoff, one of the principal characters. But each scene is declared to be significant, full of movement and life, and the whole seems to be an illustration of the "will-to-live" principle.

The story is slight, and it is difficult to convey an idea of the play by summarizing it. The St. Petersburg "Novosti," in an enthusiastic review of the play at the leading theater of the capital, thus tells the essential plot:

Bezemienoff, a rich but illiterate and coarse tradesman, has a son, Peter, an ex-student who had been expelled from the university for some political offence; a daughter, Tatiana, a school teacher of modern ideas, and an adopted son, Niel, a half-educated mechanic. The same house shelters a vagrant "singer," disreputable, but keen and world-wise, named Teterieff.

This house is in a state of intellectual and moral chaos. It is emphatically divided against itself. The head is a despot of the old type, seeking to rule with a rod of iron; selfish, harsh, cruel, and unreasonable, he respects no one's rights to independent judgment and freedom. His children, on the other hand, despise him and openly manifest their contempt for his ideas and ways. They are weak, superficial and parasitical, but they have acquired the jargon of "advanced culture." Brutally and inexorably do they abuse, ridicule and mock their parents (for the mother, a negligible quantity, is also a figure in the drama to a slight extent) when there is no possible occasion for it. Friction is constant, and yet there is no great, single important cause of conflict between the older and the newer generation.

Niel, the adopted son, is "the strong man," the true representative of the new order. He is practical, free, vigorous, and certain of his aims. Tatiana is in love with him, but he has little respect or affection for this feeble specimen of the new woman. He is fond of a poor seamstress doing odd jobs for the family. She is simple, but healthy, natural, attractive and devoted. He marries her against the consent of the man who has been his benefactor, and is forced to leave the home in which he has been reared. He walks out hand-in-hand with his beloved—defiant, confident, master of his destiny. To him life's riddle is easy of solution, and he is assured of a happy, wholesome existence.

Tatiana poisons herself, while the incapable Peter, also against his father's wish, marries a lively widow of doubtful reputation. All leave their home, one after another. It is the law of nature; the new rises on the ruins of the old. The comments on the episodes of the play are put in Teterieff's mouth, who is supposed to express the dramatist's own views of life and human nature.

"Novosti," in reviewing the production, declares the play to be "a triumphant song of life," an apotheosis of force, mental and moral, of work and of freedom. The critic of the "Novoye Vremya" is inclined to point out artistic flaws in the piece, but he admits that all the characters are vividly and strongly portrayed, that the play is followed with intense interest, and that its moral is healthy, optimistic and refreshing. Gorky's genius, he adds, speaks here effectively and convincingly and artistically. Every character is flesh and blood, and their speech is not only intelligible and generally true to nature, but replete with characteristic native realism. The personages are typical and yet thoroughly individual.

The Safe Expert's Story.

ALTHOUGH many strange experiences come to the professional safe-opener, no calls are more exciting than those which summon him to liberate persons accidentally imprisoned in vaults and safes which are supposed to be air-tight.

Though the safe expert may be confident of his ability speedily to open the big steel door, he can never be quite sure that suffocation or fright, or both combined, may not overcome the vitality of the prisoner before the rescue is accomplished. Consequently he does this kind of work under great strain, feeling that a human life is at stake.

Once I received a frantic call to hurry to a building some fifteen blocks from my office.

"Bring all your tools and a man," pointed the messenger who came to summon me. "A little boy has shut himself in the air-tight vault and his mother is wild. If he can't be got out dead or alive in short order she'll go crazy."

We made the trip across the business portion of Chicago as fast as the horses could be driven. Dodging in at a side door, we ran up the stairway and into the office to which our informant led the way. Pushing through the crowd which had gathered in the hallway, I saw a sight which will remain in mind with terrible distinctness while memory lasts. There was the mother of the imprisoned boy, literally throwing herself against the door of the vault and trying to scratch it open with her fingernails. Her eyes were wild with excitement, and it was plain that she

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I will do this at the start:

I will send the sick one an order of his or her druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I will tell that druggist to let him test it for a month at my risk. If it succeeds the cost is \$5.50. If it fails I will pay the druggist myself. I will leave the decision to you.

Don't say that this is impossible, for I do just as I say. I have done it for years—done it with hundreds of thousands. I will do it in any case, no matter how difficult. I only ask the sick one to be fair with himself and me.

I cannot always succeed. There are conditions like cancer, for which I know no cure. But I alone am the loser when I fail.

My records for five years show that 39 out of each 40 who accepted my offer, paid for the medicine taken. That means that 39 in each 40 are cured. That fact alone makes this offer possible.

There are 39 chances in 40 that I can cure your friend.

My success is due to a lifetime of effort, in learning how to strengthen the inside nerves. It is this nerve power alone that operates the vital organs. No organ is weak when it has sufficient power. I bring back the nerve power—that is all. It is just like giving more steam to an engine that is weak.

My book will explain it all.

Every soul who reads this knows some sick friend. You know somebody who will never find another way to get well. Let me tell that friend my way.

It must be successful. My remedy must do what I claim. If it did not, such an offer as this would bankrupt me in a month.

The sick one is your friend—a stranger to me. If I am willing to do so much, won't you write a postal, that he or she may get well?

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 23, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.
Book No. 4 for Women.
Book No. 5 for Men, (sealed).
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

could not long endure the mental stress under which she was suffering.

Calling upon someone to restrain her so as not to interfere with rapid work on the safe, I made a hasty examination of the condition of things. In the frantic attempts which had been made to work the combination, the lock had been so effectively set that the only way to open the door with speed and certainty was by drilling and picking. No sooner had my drill penetrated to the interior of the lock than the mother became the victim of a new fear—a terror that I would use dynamite or some other explosive and that her boy would be killed by the shock of the discharge. Her cries and entreaties rang in my ears as I inserted wires in the holes which had been drilled.

There was one breathless instant before the bolts yielded to the manipulation. As I drew the doors open the frantic mother leaped into the vault before us and gathered the little fellow in her arms.

He was unconscious, and had fallen flat upon the floor of the vault. But the fact that he was panting like a spent rabbit told that he would speedily recover. No doubt it seemed to the mother that hours had dragged by since work began upon the vault door, but as a matter of fact precisely the minutes and no more passed from the time when my hand touched the vault door until the lock was turned. And the rescue was effected in fifteen minutes from the time the messenger's summons was received. As we passed out of the building we met the little boy's father hurrying to the rescue. He was the only person attached to the office who knew the combination of the lock. The accident had happened while the mother and boy were waiting for him to return.

Altogether the most hazardous demand made upon the expert is to open a safe which has been attacked by burglars who have been driven or frightened away before completing their work. There is no way safely to determine whether the cracksmen has left behind him any undischarged explosives. Safe-openers who are recognized leaders in their profession are always too busy to undertake tasks of this kind. More than one man, however, has attempted to follow in the wake of the cracksmen, and suffered well-nigh fatal consequences.

At the moment I recall a man who undertook to open a safe which had been deserted by disturbed cracksmen. The first blow from the expert's hammer discharged the explosives which had dropped into the interior of the safe door. The explosion was terrific, and the flying door carried away the man's leg.

The most difficult safes to open are those owned by jewelers, blacksmiths and professional machinists. This is because they are so heavily constructed that they will insist upon oiling and cleaning the delicate mechanism of the locks themselves, instead of calling in an expert. Many of them even attempt to make their own repairs, with invariably disastrous results.—E. A. Strauss in "Saturday Evening Post."

Finding the Ghost.

Materials for thrilling ghost stories may be drawn from life, with the advantage that a rational explanation comes with them. Some years ago there was a lone house standing near a

Southern plantation. This house nobody would ever take, because it was haunted and strange noises were heard in it every night after dark. Several tenants tried it, but were frightened by the noises. At last one individual, more courageous than the rest, resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself, and, having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms. Shortly he heard on the stairs, pit, pat; a full stop; then pit, pat; a full stop again. The noise was repeated several times, as though some creature, ghost or no ghost, were coming upstairs. At last the thing, whatever it was, came close to the door of the room where the sentry was placed, and he flung it open—hurry, a skurry, bang! something went downstairs with a tremendous jump, and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in all directions, was heard! This was enough, for one night. The next night the crafty sentry established himself on the first landing, with a heap of straw and a box of matches. Soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit, pat—pit, pat. When the noise was close to his ambush, he scraped a match and set fire to his straw, which blazed up like a bonfire, revealing a rabbit, which instantly scuttled downstairs again to rejoin scores of its comrades, which had got into the house from a neighboring plantation. The courageous sentry was rewarded for his vigil, for he held his tongue as to the cause of the ghost. He got the house at a reduced rent, and several capital rabbit pies made of the ghosts' bodies into the bargain.

The Reason.

"I wonder why ministers generally marry?" "Matrimony is the only game of chance they are allowed to play."

Lulu—Yes, I was introduced to him yesterday, and he told me I was the prettiest woman he had ever met. Ceil—Ah, you see, I was only introduced to him this morning.

Mrs. Toynbee (as Willie backs away from the dinner table)—Now, what do you say, dear? Willie (after a hard think)—My! It's so long since we had company before, I've clean forgot.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Telemachus.—Dominant, courageous, hopeful and sweet-tempered, practical and reliable, clear-sighted and logical. There, there, I cannot further puff you up. You are exceeding frank at times, truths and self-reliant, like to lend and probably to stand alone. I don't think you care for adoration, but would do a great deal to feel you deserved it. You are decided, magnetic, capable of excellent achievement, and a good sort.

Juvenile.—'Tis a quaint old study for a youngster. You'd make a lawyer, my

child, if you ever get the chance at it! It is difficult for me to believe that you are so young, but, if you are, I can only tell you that you have an unusual mental equipment, great caution, perseverance, long-headedness, and tenacity, and will probably develop into a "marked man."

George.—1. "A small party in a pigtail" has a good memory. It is strange that you mentioned that week of a bygone period, as it came back into my hands two weeks ago—sadly moth-eaten, it is true, but still showing bravely its record of names. I was Edward Black, not John A. Macdonald, however! 2. Your writing shows sentiment, merciful temperament, good nature, a rather frank and willful nature, benevolence, some love of beauty and grace of expression. Your birthday brings you under Libra, the zodiacal sign for October, and you are still near enough to September's Virgo to be a bit of a puzzle. There is some will to rule, and liking for power, and tenacity is suggested. Ambition and inspiration are not lacking. It seems to me that if you had more confidence in yourself, you'd do better. 3. Your writing shows a certain amount of thoughtful method. Writer probably dislikes nasty and irrational impulse and may be over-deliberate. There is some artistic touch suggested.

Mary Ann Smith.—1. Thanks for an original letter. You don't know what a blessing it is to get the real thing, the smart, lively remarks of a person of ideas! Nine out of ten of the people who are oppressed with the paucity of their resources in that line take several sentences to tell me so, as if I did not find it out myself. But you are a bright woman with a fluent and original pen, and here's my love! I wish I had been next you at that afternoon tea! 2. Your writing shows ambition unsatisfied and some imagination, a very quick and somewhat discursive mind; the way you wave the crosses over your 't's is simply delightful—it suggests the swallow flight of your mind. You like to chatter and are sometimes a good deal wittier than you imagine. Sentiment and susceptibility are shown, optimism and a somewhat morbid application. There is a good deal of warmth in your nature, and a very bright sense of humor, with considerable philosophy as well. Concentration is marked, and refined taste. I should fancy you a bit sensitive and capable of devotion, if you find a suitable object. You have a good memory and an apt application. If you are not clever, I don't see why not. Is it that you dislike trouble, steady application and routine?

Clem.—1. Why should you ask for a special notice through the post when your character appears? Don't you know that it adds to one's zest when the weekly column must be watched carefully until one's name appears? However, as you sent a stamped and addressed envelope, I have taken the time to inform you as desired. 2. Your writing is fairly interesting. It is cautious, discreet and far-seeing, honest and un-diplomatic. I fancy you would rather go without a boon than scheme or toady for it. Your judgment isn't always unprejudiced nor your emotional life on a dead level. There are a good deal of vitality, energy and some headstrong touches in your make-up, but your natural instinct is to generally rein in the will which might override judgment. You should have good business energy and you have instinctive courtesy and a decidedly many-sided rather optimistic nature. On the whole, a rather attractive, but not dominant, person.

Grace.—Well! Well! This column is getting on. She is as busy as possible at over four-score, and thank you for enquiring. Quite glad you got the little booklet. The lady on the cover is a really truly generous person, and I am very fond of her. I don't know about her side, one never sees clearly when one loves, and they tell us "one loves and one is beloved." Well, in this case I am the former, and the better off, I fancy! July 15th brings you under Cancer, the Crab. It isn't a pretty sounding sign, but it can get there no matter how devious the road. Do you notice the twiggly way you make those loops and strokes of yours?—I might call it like! Please do write again, and don't reveal your identity, for I like you best as the rag baby from the North-west, to whom I may be just as much of a "daddy" as I like! Au revoir!

Nonentity.—March fifteenth brings you under the sign Pisces, the fishes, the last of the twelve, and the element is naturally water. The March fishes are said, at once the most lovable and the most exasperating of the year. They are apt to despond, and to worry because their work isn't congenial. They are often exceedingly sensitive and are always the better for intelligent, optimistic sympathy. When they do go ahead they are sure to be a success. But there are few whales and many little fish, you perceive. To be engaged in a certain work and waste time and energy in wondering if it is really of any use is decidedly March-like. Perhaps you are just a bit "hard part," as the short-hand students say. Judging from your writing you are quick, magnetic, and full of impulse, careful of detail, however, and reasonably clear in thought. You should succeed, for you deserve to rise and have considerable buoyancy and will; there is no indication of one marked talent, but much of surplus energy and possible success.

William, Sherbrooke.—Ambition unsatisfied, self-reliance and self-respect, tenacity, bright perception, rather a lack of optimism and inspiration, earnest and upright method, not much sentiment nor desire to rely on outside influences. You can be affectionate and are always bright and vivacious. There is no marked sympathy nor diplomacy, but rather an attractive manner is suggested. See answer to Clem.

St. Clair.—Divine a shot, my friend, for you enclosed no coupon, and the cold, unfeeling world won't laugh until you do.

Ity.—1. Oh, I don't know! Such an imperfect specimen are you? I think you're a perfect specimen of what? Ah, that's telling! 2. Your writing shows sentiment and pessimism, a totally untrained and over-developed nature. You are frank and indiscreet in speech, and very susceptible. You have quite enough originality, but it is of the sort that makes the colt kick the carriage to pieces and try to jump the fence with the shafts. Some girls would find you interesting. Let us hope the only "she" of whom you so highly approve may be of that sort. Seriously there is a lot of good stuff in you, but at present it is rather chaotic. You have a very strong love of power, and with the best of hearts, a great need of clearness of sight and discipline.

Quiz?—Letter from all over? Well, rather. I shall just quote you the postmarks of next week's column—those left over from to-day: Sudbury, Courtwright, St. Mary's, Stouffville, London, Peterborough, Cannington, Brockville, Toronto, and Waubesaene. They'll be answered next week, and should convince you that my "Toronto circle" doesn't "need widening." There are three from St. Mary's and three from Toronto in the bunch. Oh, you critics are a woolly lot!

Forest City Girl.—Don't be cross, miss, and don't apologize in one line and be nasty in the next! You committed a fault, but most annoying, and a lack of courtesy in doing as you did, and your authority a much more serious breach of journalistic etiquette, which would be reported had you been an ready to give authority as to use information. Now, your remark that you "can get your character just as well delineated in the States as by me, and that you withdraw your request for a study," is both impertinent and suggestive. I assure you that I was rather taken with your writing, and should be glad to study it, having no intention of letting our little fricas influence me in the least. You are, I think, quite too good a subject to allow yourself to have penned that spurt about the "States," and I am too good a graphologist to mind it! Tat-tat! Corbous.—How shall you do it? Don't, my boy; it's not worth while. Your writing is very good, a fine, honest, manly hand, full of good nature, courage, and that's what I know you've got. I don't think you feel keenly that sort of thing. Trust me, it's best to forget it.

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If your dealer does not keep Corticelli Silk it is probably because he makes a little more money selling some other brand. As Corticelli costs YOU no more than poor silk, why don't you try it? Ask for "CORTICELLI"—the Dressmakers' Favorite Spool Silk.

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"Commonwealth or Empire," a little cloth-bound volume of 82 octavo pages (Toronto: Morang & Co.), Professor Goldwin Smith has synthesized those well-known views on the Philippine question, the South African question and "Imperialism" in general, which he has been presenting so insistently in "By-stander's" columns in the "Weekly Sun."

"Commonwealth or Empire" is primarily intended to be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested by the people of the United States. To them its argument is addressed in counsel and warning. "Shall the 'American' Republic be what it has hitherto been, follow its own destiny, and do what it can to fulfill the special hopes which humanity has founded on it, or shall it slide into an imitation of European Imperialism, and be drawn, with the military powers of Europe, into a career of conquest and domination over subject-races, with the political liabilities which such a career entails? This was and is the main issue for humanity. Seldom has a nation been brought so distinctly as the 'American' nation now is to the parting of the ways. Never has a nation's choice been more important to mankind." So intimate are the relations of the United States and the British Empire that the question cannot be discussed without reference to British history, frequent decisions have arrived at that can fail to be of vital interest and deep concern to Englishmen and in particular to Canadians. Therefore, though addressed specially to the people of the United States, Dr. Goldwin Smith's powerful arraignment of expansionist statesmanship is bound to find an audience in this country and in the Mother Country as well.

It is marvelous—the industry and the vigor of the aged historian and political philosopher of "The Grange." Dr. Smith throws off newspaper paragraphs, review articles, public addresses, pamphlets, books, with the unquenchable energy of a sun throwing off worlds into space. Never has he written more tersely more vividly or with a finer command of historical illustration than in the present volume. All the glories of style that were his in his earlier and more pretentious works are here found, still unobscured, still effulgent. However one may quarrel with his matter, one cannot be otherwise than delighted with his manner. When he is most partisan in argument, he is most judicial and restrained in statement.

And really Dr. Goldwin Smith makes out a strong case against the tendency or movement somewhat unsatisfactorily named and defined as "Imperialism"—a case that will carry conviction to a greater number of minds to-day than it would have done say three years ago. But that the United States can now be extricated from the meshes of the net into which she walked is impossible. The fact is, the "American" people are no longer at "the parting of the ways," as Dr. Smith imagines; they passed that point many moons since, and are now committed, hard and fast, to responsibilities and problems far beyond the boundaries of

the United States, and which any of their "old line" statesmen of even a decade ago would have shuddered to contemplate. In these responsibilities and problems the author of "Commonwealth or Empire" sees only dangers and disasters for the Republic. But who can say? Human history has been ever full of apparent set-backs and tortuous turnings that in the long run may have served the purpose of progress and advance. It is hard to judge. Is the destiny of nations a blind, hazardous thing, or is there an over-ruling force that brings good out of seeming ill? This is the old, unanswered and unanswerable question with which the so-called philosophy of history wrestles in vain.

John Philip Sousa's novelette, "The Fifth String," is a poor performance but will serve the bandmaster's purpose as an advertisement. It will be read by thousands of emotional women, but most of the men who succeed in dragging themselves through its cheap and tawdry sentimentalism will be likely to exclaim, "What damned rot!" and in that exclamation they will sum up all that the most discerning and accomplished critics can say in whole columns of space. It has body without style, situations without sense and story without plot. It tells of a violinist who could not move the heart of the woman he loved by his playing until he secured from the devil a violin with a fateful fifth string, formed of strands of Mother Eve's hair. With this instrument he won her love. But the fifth string—the string of death—was his and her undoing. With his materials Mr. Sousa might have written a tolerable two-column "shocker" for a weekly story-paper. Go to, John Philip! Stick to your trombones and piccolos, your cymbals and snare drums, but pray do not rasp on any more fifth strings. The advertisement has been given a beautiful setting of binding, print and illustration—much better than it deserves, but not so good as to make it worth the price. McLeod & Allen are the publishers of the Canadian edition.

Marie Van Vorst has the distinguished faculty of making old things new. Her recent book, "Philip Longstreth" (Harper & Brothers), if given in synopsis, would appear to be an old, threadbare theme, but to the contrary, the author's manner is so tender and appealing, her diction so brilliant and charming that fresh and strenuous life is poured on the old embers until our mind's-eye reflects the glow and we read on through never-wearying pages. "Philip Longstreth" repays the eight years Miss Van Vorst is said to have spent in creating the book. It is a perfect analysis of a dreamer, a God-like man, who evolves out of the "little brother of the poor" to the youth studying humanity with a zeal he called love, and later to the traveled, cultured gentleman raising a shrine to his idol—the people—forming philanthropic plans in an American factory town. The two women Philip loves appeal to two different sides of his nature—one, the woman of the people, to the sensuous side, and the other, Constance Throckmorton, refined and cultured, to the psychic side. How Philip is saved at last by fate, or perhaps by the woman he desired, how he finds his accurate mate in Constance Throckmorton, is the final interest, and not, as one is at first apt to suppose, the question of a vast social problem or a

natural division of classes, for nothing is discussed; life is presented in all its varying grades with a versatility and a pathetic tenderness that leaves one even if a little disappointed in the magnetic Philip—still filled with ideals, still glad that our hero is given a chance to be greater than his sin.

The May number of the New Thought magazine, "Mind," opens with a biographic sketch, accompanied with portrait, of Charles Fillmore, editor of "Unity." This is followed by a symposium entitled "Mental Echoes of the Foreworld." The contributors are Felix L. Oswald, M.D., who describes "Our Animal Characteristics," and George S. Seymour, who discusses "Customs and Peoples." "The Will to Be Well," by W. J. Colville, is a valuable paper on the mental healing phase of the New Thought. "Revelations of the Hand," by Mayne Ravenscroft, is a unique contribution from the pen of an expert palmist. The number contains other articles of unusual excellence.

"Smart Set" for June opens with a novelette by Gertrude Lynch, entitled "The Fighting Chance." This story is interesting. It presents a vivid picture of a phase in the life of an honest statesman, and the theme is treated with skill by an author whose personal experiences enable her to write luminously of department life in Washington. The love-interest in the story is fascinating, and the plot distinctive. Beyond all this there is the charm of very clever dialogue. The short stories are of great variety, but all very human and all of high literary standard.

"Pearson's Magazine" for June offers a wide variety of reading matter, ranging from the serious personal article and the popular science paper, to an "appreciation" of the game of ping-pong by the lady champion of England. The personal article is entitled "The Real James Gordon Bennett." It is written by Julius Chambers, for many years one of Mr. Bennett's able lieutenants on the New York "Herald," and presents the most salient features in the life and character of that very remarkable man. To Mr. Bennett belongs the credit of being the first man to originate legitimate news for his own paper, as in the case of Stanley and Livingston, which was practically the opening up of Africa to the civilized world.

Bicycle Diving.

THE idea of diving on a bicycle, says "Pearson's" for June, originated with a bright and clever Roman youth of twenty-two, named Umberto Diamanti—a feat which called for nerve and daring of a high order, together with the ability of a powerful and rapid swimmer. The idea was to ride along the top of the artificial embankment of the Tiber and plunge into the river beyond. The diver must retain control over the machine, not only after leaving terra firma and plunging dizzily into mid-air, but also during the awful and breath-catching descent to the surface of the water. After sinking deep down with the machine, he must swim to land with it—a most awkward and even dangerous "rescue" to effect when beyond one's depth. Thus it may be seen that the contest was one which called for more than the average amount of physical endurance, as well as for a steady head and unshaken nerve.

A very interesting contest was arranged between young Diamanti as a cyclist and his rival, Borghi, on foot. This weird and extremely novel race was easily won by the iron-nerved cyclist, both as regards time and clean jumping.

There was tremendous excitement just before the race came off, and dense crowds lined the high embankment that skirts the Tiber. The excitement was quite at fever heat when the order was given—"Go!" and both cyclist and foot-runner started off at a terrific pace. It seemed hardly possible that any sane man could deliberately ride a bicycle over so appalling a precipice; but what is much more remarkable, Signor Diamanti not only did this, but actually retained his presence of mind throughout the entire descent through the air as well as on striking the water, and even beneath the surface, for he brought his troublesome mount to land with little or no exertion, amid the frantic applause of the spectators above.

All About Men.

One of the greatest advantages of the silent man is that he cannot be misquoted.

Men who ride hobbies would not be nearly so objectionable if they did not want all the road to themselves.

A man will often make small faults conspicuous in order to insinuate that he has no great ones.

Often the pleasantest memories men have are of events that never happened.

The things that come to the man who waits are generally the cast-offs of somebody else.

It is not always what a man does that goes against him, but what he happens to get caught in.

There are men who do not care to be judged by what they really are, but what they want others to think they are.

Nothing makes a man quite so angry as to realize that he has no just cause for anger and to realize that others realize it.

Some men's idea of a friend is someone who will stick to them through adversity, take their part against uncharitable neighbors, lend them his last shilling without security, and when Fortune smiles will take a back seat.

A wise man can find plenty of suggestions where fools have dropped them.

Cheap Living.

MOST persons of moderate incomes are desirous of reducing the cost of living to the lowest possible fraction. An Englishman who has experienced in this direction declares it to be quite possible to live on sixpence a day with some pretense at luxury. Oatmeal enters largely in the bill-of-fare, and oranges or apples, with a handful of nuts, make an ideal, nutritious and inexpensive diet.

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Just received direct from Turkey big shipment of all kinds Turkish and Persian Rugs and Carpets, comprising the finest and choicest pieces of Kazaks, Anatolians, Boukharas, Irans, Afghans, Hamadans, Cashmeres, and many other makes. We invite all furnishers of fine homes to call soon and have the first pick, as we purpose making a quick turn of these goods. We keep the largest stock of Rugs in Canada.

Several other bales yet are on their way from Constantinople.

L. BABAYAN & CO., 40 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

He gives as an example of cheap living the case of a young fellow who lives entirely on brown bread and various kinds of nuts—his daily expenditure rarely exceeding fourpence. On this seemingly unattractive diet the man supports a frame of huge proportion, his muscular build and wonderful strength speaking well for his manner of living on so little; though that the results would be so favorable with everyone who cared to adopt his system we do not undertake to say.

A country gentleman, who owns strict views on the subject of diet, lives on little more than a nickel a day, this sum being spent on brown or rye bread; but he eats an abundance of wild herbs, which he makes it his hobby to collect, these being cooked and prepared by himself, while many are eaten just as plucked. Pro-

FOR RENT

A large business office on ground floor, and two s all offices on first floor of Saturday Night Building, 26-28 Adelaide Street West. . . . Terms moderate. . . . Apply on premises. . . .

TENDERS FOR COAL, 1902

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Provincial Secretary, Province of Ontario, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal," will be received up to noon on MONDAY, MAY 26TH, 1902, for the delivery of coal in the sheds of the institutions named below, on or before the 15th day of July next, except as regards the coal for London, Hamilton, and Brockville Asylums, and Central Prison, as noted:

Asylum for Insane, Toronto.
Hard Coal—1,250 tons large egg size, 200 tons stove size, 100 tons nut size. Soft Coal—500 tons lump, 150 tons soft screenings.

Asylum for Insane, London.
Hard Coal—2,600 tons small egg size, 250 tons stove size, 60 tons chestnut size, Soft Coal—40 tons for grates. Of the 2,550 tons, 1,000 may not be required till January, 1903.

Asylum for Insane, Kingston.
Hard Coal—1,350 tons large egg size, 260 tons small egg size, 25 tons chestnut size, 500 tons hard screenings, 500 tons soft screenings, 15 tons stove size (hard).

Asylum for Insane, Hamilton.
Hard Coal—3,575 tons small egg size, 471 tons stove size, 146 tons chestnut size, coal for grates, 24 tons; for pump house, 200 tons soft slack; 120 tons hard slack screenings. Of the above quantity 2,000 tons may not be required until January and February, 1903.

Asylum for Insane, Mimico.
Hard Coal—1,600 tons large egg size, 120 tons stove size, 150 tons chestnut, 100 tons soft screenings, 50 cords green hardwood.

Asylum for Idiots, Orillia.
Soft coal screenings or run of mine lump, 2,000 tons; 90 tons hard coal, stove size; 90 tons hard coal, grate size.

Asylum for Insane, Brockville.
Hard Coal—1,500 tons small egg size, 125 tons stove size, 75 tons small egg. Of the above quantity 1,050 tons may not be required until January and March, 1903.

Asylum for Female Patients, Cobourg.
Hard Coal—450 tons large egg size, 15 tons egg size, 50 tons stove size.

Central Prison, Toronto.
Hard Coal—100 tons small egg size, Soft Coal—250 tons soft coal screenings or run of mine lump. The soft coal to be delivered monthly, as required.

Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.
Hard Coal—800 tons large egg size, 90 tons small egg size, 15 tons stove size, 14 tons nut size.

Institute for Blind, Brantford.
Hard Coal—175 tons egg size, 150 tons stove size, 15 tons chestnut.

Reformatory for Boys, Penetang.
Eighty tons egg size, 51 tons stove size, 28 tons nut size, 500 tons soft coal screenings or run of mine lump. Delivered at institution dock.

Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.
Soft coal screenings or run of mine lump, 650 tons; stove coal, 100 tons. Tenders are to specify the mine or mines from which the coal will be supplied, and the quality of same, and must also furnish satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name, fresh mined, and in every respect equal in quality to the standard grades of coal known to the trade.

Delivery to be effected in a manner satisfactory to the Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities.

And the said Inspectors may require additional amounts, not exceeding 20 per cent, of the quantities hereinbefore specified, for the above mentioned institutions to be delivered thereat at the contract prices at any time up to the 15th day of July, 1902.

Tenders will be received for the whole quantity above specified or for the quantities required in each institution. An accepted check for \$500, payable to the order of the Hon. the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract. Specifications and forms and conditions of tenders may be obtained from the Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, or from the Bursars of the respective institutions. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for.

J. R. STRATTON,
Provincial Secretary,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, May 12, 1902.

vision for the winter months is ensured by storing an abundance of the nutritious herbs in a dry chamber.

A man troubled with severe indigestion resolved, for the sake of bodily comfort, to eschew all rich foods, and lived on soups and brown bread; and not only cured himself of stomachic troubles, but retained a perfect state of health on about eighty cents a week.

A butcher in a large way of business declares that many poor people, by a little scheming, are enabled to live well on a trifling outlay. To exemplify his meaning, he tells of a woman who pays him visits several times weekly to purchase the bits thrown aside, such as trimmings off joints, which are deemed fit only for mincing for sausage meat—a quantity of these rejected pieces being procurable for five cents and yielding a nutritious, if somewhat gross, sort of broth. It is his opinion that poor people spend far too much money on food, without deriving extra benefit from their extravagance.

"There, now, Clara, how would you like to be those people who can't get home from Paris because their funds gave out?" "Well, dear me, Clarence, they are better off than we, whose funds gave out before we got started." —"American Register."

The Book Shop

WEDDING FORMS AND DAINTY CARDS

HE pearly, white translucent paper of the "Book Shop" wedding invitations is a rich background for the velvety black ink impression of the copper plate.

While the paper is specially imported, the remainder of the work is done in the "Book Shop."

The uniquely attractive results will be gladly shown to those desiring wedding forms printed.

STATIONERY

The "Book Shop" stationery is prettily boxed and includes all the popular shades of the "cloth effect" papers. At slight additional cost the "Book Shop" Imprimery can place your special monogram on each sheet.

W. M. TYRRELL & CO.

8 KING STREET WEST

NEW NOVEL BY GEORGE GIBBS

In Search of Mademoiselle

Paper, 75c.; Cloth, \$1.25.

Cyrus Townsend Brady says: "Mr. George Gibbs has chosen the most romantic episode in the whole range of American colonial annals as a historical basis for his vivid romance. He writes with graphic force and spirit."

NEW NOVEL BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER

....The Magic Wheel....

Paper, 75c.; Cloth, \$1.25.

The author has given a decidedly novel twist to one of the most fascinating of themes, the invasion of the field of the unknown in the interests of love. It is a capital story of the occult.

THE COPP, CLARK CO., LIMITED, Publishers, Toronto.

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This is our newest design in Gentlemen's Deep Club Bags. Everything about it—frame, leather and lining are of the best obtainable, and every inch of space can be utilized for packing.

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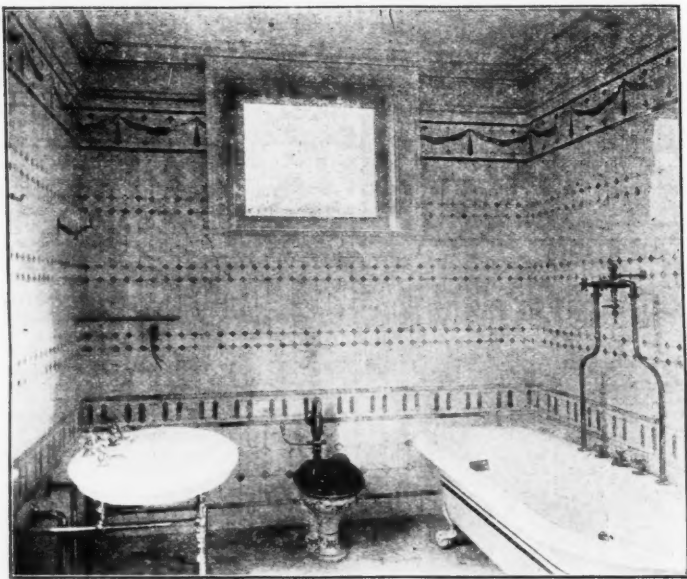
No. 955—NATURAL GRAIN, BROWN, 16 inch, \$9.00; 18 inch, \$10.00.

We have every popular style of Bag, Trunk and Suit Case, and a variety of prices in each. Our selection is the largest shown in America.

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YOU SHOULD HAVE YOUR KITCHEN AND BATH ROOM TILED WITH OUR GLASS TILES

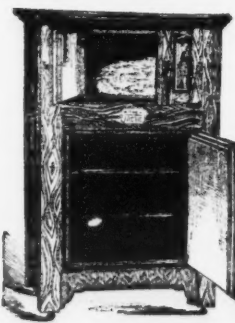
This wall tiling is more elegant and SANITARY than glazed earthenware tiles. The white tiles are beautifully white, they do not crack on the face or become discolored, and the colored tiles are equally excellent for decorative effects in combination with the white.



We have tiled the walls of kitchens and bathrooms, etc., in hundreds of Toronto's best homes and buildings. We apply these tiles to old walls without alteration. Estimates given free of cost.

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Hillock's Arctic Refrigerators



For over a quarter of a century we have been supplying the people of Canada with these goods, and we have now got them near perfection. They are the best constructed, most convenient and durable made.

Our **Guarantee** is a smaller consumption of ice, a lower temperature, and an absolutely dry atmosphere with perfect ventilation.

Write for catalogue, or call and see the goods and buy direct from the manufacturers.

JOHN HILLOCK & CO.
Queen and George Streets, Toronto

Put Yourself in His Place.

Reprinted from "The Public," Chicago, May 18.

To be self-centered is the original condition of mankind. The infant knows of nothing and cares for nothing but self. And this original condition is never wholly eradicated even from the most altruistic characters. Each of us is to his own imagination always the central sun around which everything else revolves. So essential to our sanity is this in-born habit of looking out from ourselves upon the surrounding universe, that he who should succeed in habitually looking in upon himself from the world without would risk totally losing his mental balance. Yet it is only by occasionally withdrawing ourselves from ourselves, and getting our moral bearings by taking a survey from the standpoint of our brethren, that we become civilized. It is only in this way that we can apply that touchstone of righteousness in human relations, that infallible test of civilization—the Golden Rule of the Nazarene.

By putting ourselves imaginatively in the place of another, under any given circumstance, we are able to realize what it is that we would men should do in similar circumstances to do us. So advised, we are prepared, if we are civilized and not savage, to do even so to them. And whether we are

civilized or not, we are able to understand why others do what we condemn, and are prompted to suspect that possibly we might in their place have done even the same as they. No moral exercise is more urgently needed than this by the American people at the present time.

Some of their trusted leaders, who lately assured them that "marked humanity" has governed the conduct of their soldiers in the Philippine Islands, but are now obliged to confess that this conduct has been characterized by "marked severity," explain that the severity, though savage to a degree, is excused if not justified by the barbarities of the savage foe we have to meet in that far-away tropical archipelago. Let us make the test, then, of putting ourselves in the place of the Filipinos. Let us try to realize what we might have done had we been they and our country instead of theirs the scene of a devastating policy of assimilative benevolence.

What if some alien race—the Chinese, for instance, or the Japanese, or a wholly strange race of giants from Mars—had secured a landing upon the California coast, and taken possession of San Francisco?

What if they had then issued, about Christmas time, 1898, an edict from their potentate, asserting that he had purchased this country and its people of Messrs. Rockefeller, Hanna, Morgan & Co., and proclaiming his sovereignty,

while assuring us that he was inspired only by the most benevolent intentions?

What if his military representatives had preceded this by sending a floating war engine of unprecedented killing capacity to New Orleans or New York and anchoring it menacingly in the harbor?

What if the Americans had felt helpless in the presence of a foe so destructively armed with novel war machinery and so anxious for a bloody fight?

Suppose the Americans had nevertheless held their ground, only yielding now to their invaders' threats a few yards and then to their blandishments a few more, until they had received reinforcements and arrayed a formidable army against us, crowding us back farther and farther and lining up to our lines, with no neutral ground between.

Suppose that then one of their sentries had fired upon an American who did not understand the gibberish in which he was challenged and so failed to obey the foreign sentry's demand.

And suppose that now, a deadly shot having been fired by one of the invaders six weeks after they had declared war upon the United States by proclaiming sovereignty over it, some of the men on our line had returned the fire, whereupon the invaders had trained their great war machines upon us, and swept Alameda and Oakland and all the neighboring towns off the face of the earth, filling trenches to the brim with the torn and ghastly bodies of our compatriots, the slaughtered inhabitants.

Suppose that after that this race of benevolent invaders had pursued the dwindling American armies over the mountains, across the deserts, down to St. Louis, up to Chicago, over the Alleghenies to the Atlantic slope, and with their irresistible slaughter-machines had bombed our coast from Canada to the Gulf and mown down our people and burned down their homes the whole country over.

Suppose they had called us by opprobrious names, as offensive to us as "nigger" is to men of darker hue.

Suppose they had gone to the Indian reservations and, turning our traditional savage enemy upon us, given him a chance to "get even."

Suppose these savages had scalped the American dead, and had tortured the living who refused to yield to the advancing conqueror.

Suppose the invaders themselves had learned the arts of savage torture from their savage allies and had resorted to them in cold blood to extort from stubborn American patriots information about the movements of their compatriots and the hiding places of defensive arms.

Suppose that one of their trusted officers had forged a letter purporting to come from an American general to President Roosevelt in his hiding place in the Adirondacks; had utilized this forgery to get access to the President; had pretended to be a prisoner in the custody of American patriots who were in reality tormented under his command; had been horribly relieved with food by the President while on his way and almost dying of starvation; had come to Mr. Roosevelt's house with his pretended captors, who at a signal from him had shot down the hospitable and confiding President's few attendants and kidnapped the President himself; and had for this exploit been rewarded with high promotion by the potentate at his home in Asia or in Mars.

Suppose the invaders had ordered Americans into reconcentrado camps, and to enforce obedience had cut off all possibility of food supplies outside and laid waste the surrounding country.

Suppose they had retaliated for desperate assaults not in accordance with their ideas of civilized warfare, made by some unprincipled Americans, by selecting by lot American prisoners, total strangers to the offence, for execution.

Suppose they had forced some Americans to guide them to the hiding places of others, and had punished alleged delinquencies in connection with that repugnant task with summary death.

Suppose their commander in Illinois had issued orders directing that every American in that state over ten years of age and capable of bearing arms should be ruthlessly killed.

Suppose, in a word, that this alien race, with its gigantic implements of destruction and slaughter, had invaded our country as we have invaded the country of the Filipinos, and that we had suffered at its hands what the Filipinos have suffered at ours, how much better would we have treated our invader than the Filipino has treated us?

Should we not have been as savage as he is accused of being? Should we not have furnished the distant potentate, who was trying to assimilate us benevolently, with ample material for justifying savage means of enforcing his benevolence on the ground that he had a savage foe to assimilate? Let each of us probe his own conscience with that question before venturing to condemn our "little brown" brother in the Orient.

For ourselves, we sadly fear that if Americans were in the place of the Filipinos, even the moderate limitations upon savage warfare of "General Order No. 100" would be insufficient to restrain acts of resentment that might be called treacherous and cruel. There are strenuous Americans who, under such provocation, would invent water torture variations and sweat-box devices that would make a Sioux warrior fairly ache with jealousy.

It is much easier for a powerful invading army to observe the humane rules of the inhuman game of war than it is for a weak people whose country is invaded. Yet in this respect we have totally failed, disgracefully failed, even in the role of powerful invader. What license might we not have run into had the situation been reversed and we been the victims of invasion instead of the criminal aggressors. Let us be cautious about concluding that we are civilized and the Filipinos savage, even if it turns out that the Filipinos were first to resort to treachery and cruelty. They have not been "patriotically" fighting for the possession of other people's homes, as we have. They have been desperately and despairingly fighting for their own. And it does make a difference. He who defends his country against foreign invasion may be excused many things which no possible provocation can excuse in an invader.

The No Breakfast League.

CERTAIN good people of Chicago have started a "No Breakfast League." The idea being that breakfast is a frivolous and unnecessary institution, and ought to be suppressed. People, they say, can work better and enjoy greater health by starting for the city in the morning without breakfast. On your way to the station you drink in the free air of heaven; and as you sit in the train you buckle up your waistcoat band another inch or two and feel a new man.

There has been for many years a "No Breakfast League" in everything but the name; although the members of the League do not brag about their connection with it. After what is popularly known as a "thick" night, breakfast has no charms whatever for the practised drinker. Perhaps this is the idea of the League. At any rate, anybody can start in the no-breakfast business for himself at any time. All you have to do is to mix your drinks judiciously the night before, so that you will wake up in the morning with a copper-colored taste in the mouth and general feeling that eating is a low and degrading habit anyhow. At such times even a sight of the breakfast ham gives you a dull, hard feeling in the chest; and when that stage is reached you will be a No Breakfast of the first water.

More than likely, however, that the Chicago No Breakfasters are just the ordinary run of food cranks. If there is one thing in this world that you cannot prudently do, it is to advise your neighbor as to his dietary. And, as a natural consequence, we all know what is good and what is bad in the way of meals for the people. One man will tackle a breakfast big enough to make a dinner for three people, and if he hears that his neighbor's breakfast is limited to a slice of toast and a cup of tea, he at once predicts a lowered vitality and an early death. The tea and toast man, on the other hand, will no doubt hold that his neighbor is killing himself by inches with those heavy breakfasts; whereas, in these matters, it seems to be most true that every man is the best judge of what is good for himself. It is very likely that a breakfast limited to a run round the garden and a bit of dumb-bell exercise may suit the Chicago people, but it is very improbable that it would suit everybody alike.

The average enthusiast is apt to overlook the swing of the pendulum when taking up the newest craze in a whole-hearted manner. He will go without his accustomed breakfast on the first morning, and arrive at his office in a peevish and irritable mood. Somewhere about eleven o'clock he feels like throwing up the sponge, and sending the messenger out for a dry biscuit or two; but in most cases he will last out for the first experiment. At lunch time, though, the swing of the pendulum will come in. He has got to take a lunch that will average up to two meals; and in the first glorious rush at the good solid food there is a very fair chance that he will overdo the lovely business. The usual lunch hour will drag itself out into two hours and a half, or thereabouts; though it would be idle to fix a limit to it if it is going to be the first meal of the day under the new rules. The novice will eat—and drink—and the reaction after the unaccustomed fast will turn the meal into a considerable sort of orgy. "Thish ish the first drop I've 'ad to-day, ole feller! 'Ave anuzzer wiz me! Whoo-oop!"

Where is this No Everything going to leave off? They will carry these self-denying ordinances along until something occurs that will show the public that the wrong track is being pursued. The papers the other day said that a Russian scientist had discovered that all the ill the flesh is heir to are due to our wearing—clothes. Let somebody start a No Clothes Society in this happy land of ours and see how it works. There would be a busy time on the first bright summer morning on which the Leaguers set out to justify their principles; and the authorities would be running round town buying up hundred-weights of trousers at contract price for the morning's bath of prisoners roped into the official strong-rooms. A league of this sort would impress the public with its stupidity, whereas you can't tell by its rapidity of a man whether he has had his breakfast or not. And, as we know, what we can't see we don't trouble about to any extent.

Some people who profess to be very wise tell us from time to time that the average man eats too much. If the average man who hears the good news gets influenced by it, the chances are that he will thin his diet down a little, and thus save money for the doctor's bills that he will thereby incur. The average man, as a rule, eats what he thinks he wants. To some extent, he has probably learned by experience that a certain quantity of food is necessary for his well-being, and as soon as that quantity has become a habit he runs a considerable risk in changing it, for use is second nature. The scientist sits down and calculates that so many ounces of food are sufficient for an ordinary man, and calmly assumes that the last word on the subject has been said. Whereas, in the case of two men of equal size, one will often be satisfied with a dinner of oatmeal porridge and a glass of water, while the other will want soup, fish, joint, and cheese, and then as likely as not will want to order some biscuits with his wine just to fill up the still aching void.

You can't lay down a hard-and-fast rule in these matters; and if the No Breakfasters are going to have a free run in the country, I for one shall advocate an increase of accommodation in our lunatic asylums. It has long been a favorite rule of the medical profession that people oughtn't to eat supper; and if we are now to be advised to do without breakfast as well, we might as well go the whole hog and live the higher life on two dry biscuits and a seltitz powder per diem.—"Pick-Me-Up."

An Esquimaux Tradition.

There is a remarkable tradition amongst the Esquimaux which explains why the women in the north are deft with the needle while their counterparts in the south dance nimbly. Long ago the northland was inhabited by men only,

NORDHEIMER PIANO

Has always been the representative Canadian Piano, and musical people have learned to have a genuine affection for it. Its tone charms the ear of the layman as well as the musician. Its cases show the real progressive spirit. It is an honor to musical art, and has the heartiest admiration and support of all its purchasers.

Inspection solicited. Easy terms of payment. Your old piano taken as part payment.

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"HAPPY THOUGHT" WINS

the race for supremacy in Kitchen Ranges. Ever since its advent, nineteen years ago, it has held first place. Over 120,000 are used in the Dominion.



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The most comfortable Mattress in the world. Lasts a lifetime. Is perfect. Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., 27 York St., Toronto. Ask for it. Send for circular.

and no woman had ever come among them. It was noised abroad that far away in the south one woman dwelt alone, and one of the northerners set his face southward and journeyed until he reached the woman's dwelling. In course of time he married her, and rejoiced that he had a wife while the son of the headman of the north was still a bachelor. But meanwhile this same bachelor was traveling southward with the same object in view, and, coming to the house while the man was within, hid himself and waited until night fell. Then he forced his way in, and, seizing the woman, began to drag her away. The noise, however, woke the husband, who grasped his wife's feet, and both tugged violently, with such effect that the poor body was torn in twain, the robber going off with the upper half only. The rightful husband carved a body of wood and fastened it to his wife's legs, while the other man completed his half in a similar manner, each addition receiving life as soon as finished, two women being thus made out of one. But, although the woman of the south could dance nimbly, her wooden fingers prevented her from embroidering, while the woman of the north excelled only in needlework, and thus originated the characteristics of the women of the south and north.

In describing a certain variety of kiss, Mark Twain said it reminded him of the sound made by a cow in dragging her hind foot out of a swamp.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
Eastmond—May 17, Buenos Ayres, Argentina. Mrs. J. F. Eastmond (nee Jessie Vail Benson), a son.
Lowndes—At 314 Brunswick avenue, Toronto, 19th May, 1902, to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lowndes, a son.
Makins—To the wife of Mr. James Cardwell Makins, barrister-at-law, Stratford, on the 12th May, a daughter.
Gayfer—At Ingersoll, on Thursday, May 14th, Mrs. J. E. Gayfer, of a daughter.
Johnston—May 13, Ingersoll, Mrs. Howland A. Johnston, a daughter.
Palm—April 25, Collingwood, Mrs. Philip C. Palm, a son.
Usher—Queenston, Mrs. Hudson Usher, a son.
Purdy—May 15, Toronto, Mrs. F. M. Purdy, a daughter.
Campbell—May 15, Toronto, Mrs. Robert Campbell, a son.
Angus—May 12, Toronto, Mrs. Robert F. Angus, a son.
Robinson—May 15, Quebec, Mrs. R. A. Robinson, a daughter.
Beaton—May 16, Toronto, Mrs. A. H. Beaton, a daughter.
Murray—May 10, Toronto, Mrs. Douglas Murray, a son.
McCabe—May 9, Toronto, Mrs. James W. McCabe, a daughter.
Stacey—May 19, Toronto, Mrs. (Dr.) C. E. Stacey, a daughter.
Webb—May 19, Toronto, Mrs. Frank L. Webb, a son.
Tyberg—May 16, Point Loma, Cal., Mrs. Ouf Tyberg, a daughter.
Smith—May 20, London, Mrs. Ernest Brown Smith, a son.
Holmes—May 19, Oshawa, Mrs. (Dr.)

Cecil A. Holmes, a son.
Martin—May 20, Penetanguishene, Mrs. W. J. Martin, a daughter.
Follett—May 20, Woodbridge, Mrs. (Rev.) C. W. Follett, a daughter.
Townes—May 19, Aurora, Mrs. A. A. Townes, a son.
Rose—May 17, Toronto, Mrs. Alex. Rose, a daughter.

Marriages.

Schutt—Sawers—May 15, Toronto, Dr. Alexander Schutt to Evalorne Sawers.
Beales—Chubb—May 15, Toronto Junction, Arthur Beales to Ellen Chubb.
Olmsted—Wood—May 17, Hamilton, Ingersoll Olmsted, M.B., to Edith Hamilton Wood.
Harrison—McCauley—May 14, Toronto, Clinton de Mar Harrison to Laura McCauley.
Herington—Sargent—May 20, Toronto, Percy Reginald Herington to Olive H. Sargent.

Deaths.

Fuller—Charles D. Fuller, at 83 Home-wood avenue, Toronto, 5th May, 1902, aged 64 years.
Baldwin—May 15, Barrie, Mrs. Thomas Baldwin, aged 72.
McNelly—May 14, Toronto, Walter J. McNelly, aged 70.
Secord—May 13, Essex, Laura McForest Secord, aged 2 months 17 days.
Scott—May 14, Beamsville, David Scott, aged 85.
McEachern—May 13, Atlantic City, N.J., Archie McEachern.
Green—Armytage—April 28, Bournemouth, Eng., Mrs. Harriet Green-Armaytage, aged 85.
Firstbrook—May 16, Toronto, William Firstbrook, aged 77.
Scarth—May 15, Ottawa, William Bain Scarth.
Minty-Klingner—May 6, Eglinton, Mrs. Elizabeth Minty-Klingner, aged 59.
Jarvis—May 16, Toronto, Stephen Maule Jarvis, aged 80.
Hamilton—May 16, Peterboro', Annie D. Hamilton.
Ward—May 16, Toronto, Alice Halend Ward, aged 17.
Constable—May 16, Toronto, John Constable, aged 69.
Harper—May 12, Toronto, Frances Wilmette Harper.
Kitchen—Toronto, Mrs. W. F. Kitchen, Brown—May 16, Acton, Mrs. James Brown.
Davidson—May 16, Toronto, Randall Ingersoll Davidson, aged 2 years 9 months.
Simpson—May 16, Toronto, Margaret Simpson, aged 66.
Vaughan—May 16, Toronto, Kenneth Charles Vaughan, aged 8.
Benister—May 17, Toronto, William Benister.
O'Leary—May 17, Montreal, Mrs. Denis O'Leary.
Walsh—May 18, Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Walsh.
Scrimmer—May 17, Toronto, Minnie Scrimmer.
Stanton—May 11, Cobourg, Mrs. Maria H. Stanton, aged 95.
Smith—May 15, Toronto, William Smith, aged 72.
Bowie—May 19, Toronto, James Bowie, aged 70.
Hinchey—May 18, Mount Forest, Mrs. F. J. Hinchey, aged 31 years 9 months.
Henderson—May 20, Toronto, J. D. Henderson, aged 74.
Kennedy—May 20, Toronto, Mrs. Lucy Kennedy, aged 84.
Preston—May 19, Toronto, George Preston, aged 56.
Martin—May 20, Toronto, Henry Martin, O.S.A. and A.R.C.A., aged 71.
Russell—May 19, Buffalo, N.Y., William B. Russell, aged 51.
Thomson—May 20, Toronto, Mrs. Elizabeth Anna Thomson.
Putnam—May 18, Denver, Col., Harry M. Putnam, aged 36.
Newhouse—May 21, Brampton, William Newhouse, aged 73.
Stone—May 21, Toronto, Mrs. J. R. Stone, aged 40.

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Superficial Hair, Moles, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed. Freshness, beauty and contour restored to face and form. A perfect system of hand culture. Sole Canadian agent for preparations of L'Esclat, New York. Mrs. Gibson, room 29, Old Fellows' Building, corner Yonge and College. Telephone, 282 N.

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